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REV. DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN.*

In the Providence of God the fearful revolution, which, towards the close of the last century, inaugurated in Europe the reign of terror, death and irreligion, became to America the seed-time for planting the gospel in an uncultivated vineyard. The lurid fires of war in Europe became softened, as it were, by the dews of the Atlantic, into the propitious dawn, which from the East ushered in the light of truth and joy over the vast regions of the West. The patriarch of Catholicity in America, the illustrious first Bishop, welcomed to its shores the exiled priests and missionaries, who came to evangelize the continent. There is scarcely a country in Europe that did not contribute towards the missions in America. France of course stands preëminent; but all contributed. Even Russia, herself plunged in schism, sent one of her noblest sons across the Atlantic to proclaim the true faith on the summit of the Alleghenies. A young prince, of finished education, of great fortune and personal attractions, and trained for the high honors and daring deeds of the military profession, is sent by a worldly parent to make the tour of the United States, when heaven marks him for its own, and commissions him a soldier of the cross. Under that ensign he performs achievements and renders benefits to his race, more truly glorious and more lasting than the triumphs won at the same moment on any of the blood-stained fields of Europe.

Such was the Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin. He was born on the twenty-second of December, 1770, at the Hague, in Holland, his father, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, being at the time ambassador at the Hague from the Court of Catharine, Empress of Russia. There were few names more illustrious or more noble than that of Gallitzin, associated as it was with whatever was glorious or heroic in the annals of Russia's history. The mother of our prince belonged to a noble and distinguished German family. She was the Princess Amelia de Gallit-

* Authorities: Discourse on the Life and Virtues of the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, late Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Loretto, delivered on the occasion of the removal of his remains to the new and splendid monument erected to his memory by a grateful flock; by the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden;—*L'extrait de l'histoire de l'Eglise aux Etats Unis de M. Laroche Heron*, published in advance of the work in *La Propagateur Catholique*; &c. &c.

zin, before marriage the Countess de Schmettau, daughter of Field-Marshal Count de Schmettau, one of the favorite heroes of Frederick the Great, and of the Countess de Ruffert. She had two brothers distinguished in the Prussian army, one of whom, General de Schmettau, fell in the battle of Jena.

Destined by his ambitious father for the army, the young prince bore on his breast, while in the cradle, the insignia of military rank. His whole education was therefore of the most rigid and complete military caste. Instead of learning to lisp that sweetest song of Christian infancy, the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the ominous names of Voltaire and Diderot were the household words that first caught his tender ears. His father, before going on the mission to the Hague, had been for fourteen years the Russian ambassador at Paris, where he contracted a great intimacy with Voltaire and Diderot, whose conspiracy against religion and society seemed to aim at gaining first the higher and educated classes, and then to infuse the poison of their false philosophy downwards through the masses of the people. The Russian ambassador, like his mistress the Empress Catharine, whom Voltaire flattered by writing to her that he regretted not to have been born a Russian, was also flattered by the friendship and captivated by the learning of the philosophers. For many years Prince de Gallitzin corresponded with Voltaire and Diderot, whose letters to him were full of praises for his devotion to the cause of science, and especially for his advocacy of liberal principles.

The mother of our young prince, the Countess de Schmettau, was born and raised in the Catholic faith, and in her tender years was remarkable for her piety and innocence. When four years old she was sent to boarding school at Breslau, where she remained till she had reached her ninth year. Her personal beauty was as striking as the beauties of mind and heart, which she exhibited at this tender age. She frequented the sacrament of penance with such fervor and such profound contrition, that she was often seen overwhelmed and bathed in tears. But her unguarded ear caught, now for the first time, the sounds of flattery, and the poison passed to her heart. At the age of nine years, while going from the confessional through the aisle of the church, she heard some person exclaim as she passed: "My God! what an angel!" Thus Satan, who was first a tempter in the garden of paradise, dared now to tempt the innocent and unsuspecting within the very walls that were consecrated to the Almighty—and alas! Satan was again victorious. From the moment she heard those words of flattery, the heart of the young Countess Amelia was changed: it became eaten up with vanity. She was subsequently committed to the instruction of an infidel teacher, whose every lesson was directed to the eradicating of all the traces of religion she had acquired at Breslau. Her subsequent marriage with Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin completed the dangers by which she was surrounded, which were too powerful for her weakness to withstand. The princess, now grown utterly indifferent to religion, accompanied her husband on a visit to Paris. Here she was introduced into the circle of the infidel philosophers, the friends of her husband, and particularly to Diderot, then one of the leading minds in those pernicious circles. She read the works of Voltaire and of his colleagues, and was very frequently brought in contact with Diderot, in whose society the prince most delighted. It is related that she frequently arrested the sophisms of Diderot and disconcerted the philosopher by interposing that troublesome little word, *Why*. The reading of the works of the French infidel school and the repeated conversations she had with the philosophers themselves, while rendering her heart callous to religion, could

not entirely destroy her faith nor render her a scoffer at religion. She frequently suffered with disquietude of conscience, which she endeavored to cast aside. Though she studied the sacred writings, it was only for their literary beauties and sublimity, and with this view she also made them a part of the course of studies for her children. With such parents as these, the one an open infidel and the other indifferent and flying from the promptings of conscience, the young prince was of course educated without the slightest idea of religion. He was surrounded by teachers, who belonged to the prevailing school of philosophy. His father went so far as to prohibit any priest or minister of religion from having access to his son, and manifested the greatest determination and solicitude in having his orders obeyed. Demetrius was instructed in every thing except *the one thing necessary*. No expense or care was spared in giving him a perfect education according to the standard of the world, and to direct his desires towards a life of honors and pleasures. But all the schemes of the foolish father were in vain. Heaven had marked out another and far different career for the young and gifted Gallitzin.

The Princess Amelia having spent several years in uneasiness and disquietude of conscience, retired in 1783 to Munster, in Westphalia, in order to avail herself of the great learning of the celebrated teacher, Furstenberg, for the education of her children, and to enjoy some time in the calm repose of a studious retirement. Here she was attacked by a most alarming illness which threatened to prove fatal. The good and learned Furstenberg sent his own confessor to visit and converse with her on the subject of religion. The holy priest, Bernard Overberg, frequently visited the princess, who persisted, in her human pride, to deny that she feared death. The confessor could only prevail on her to promise that, in case she recovered, she would devote herself earnestly and sincerely to the study of Christianity. She recovered, and was faithful to her promise. For three years she studied and sought instructions from Furstenberg and Overberg, both distinguished for their labors in the cause of education in Germany. In 1786 the light of truth broke upon her mind, the grace of faith softened her heart and she became a Catholic. On the 28th of August of that year, the feast of St. Augustine, towards whom she had a special devotion, she made her first communion. She spent the remainder of her life in the practise of piety under the guidance of the Abbé Furstenberg and Father Overberg, and "in prayer, in resistance to her own will, and in regrets for her past life."

The conversion of the mother, and the tender piety and devotion which now added lustre to her example, produced a profound impression on her son. For in the following year, 1787, he too received the grace of conversion, and became a member of the Church of God, receiving the name of Augustine. In one of his works he thus describes his own conversion: "I lived during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government, where both the spiritual and temporal powers were united in the same person—the reigning prince of that country was our Archbishop. . . . During a great part of that time I was not a member of the Catholic Church. An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher, had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have adopted since. I only mention this circumstance in order to convince you that my observations at that time, being those of an enemy, and not of a bigoted member of the Catholic Church, are, in the eyes of a Protestant, the more entitled to credit; and, from the same motive, I shall also add, that during those unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was

taken not to permit any clergyman to come near me. Thanks to the God of infinite mercy, the clouds of infidelity were dispersed, and revelation adopted in our family. I soon felt convinced of the necessity of investigating the different religious systems, in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relatives, without any exception, were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only, which, upon impartial inquiry, should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen, I became a member of that church."

His conversion did not at once turn the young Gallitzin from the career of arms, for which his father had destined him. In 1792 he was aid-de-camp to the Austrian General Von Lilien, then in command of the army in Brabant, at the commencement of the first campaign against the Jacobins of France. But about this time the Emperor Leopold was carried off by a sudden death, and the king of Sweden was assassinated by Ankerstrom. Both these catastrophes having been attributed to the Jacobins, who it was believed were entering in disguise the service of their adversaries to play the parts of spies or assassins, strict orders were issued by the Austrian and Prussian governments excluding all foreigners from the army. Thus deprived of his position in the Austrian army, in the then existing condition of things, Russia not being a party to the war, no field for the exercise of his military prowess was open to the young soldier. Foreign travel being regarded as an essential part of the education of every gentleman of birth and fortune, as a means of acquiring a knowledge of human nature by an acquaintance with mankind, it was first resolved by his father that the young prince should make the tour of Europe. But nearly the entire continent being then the seat of war, a continental tour was unsafe and impracticable; America was then selected, and two years allowed him for travel in the United States. He was accompanied on the voyage by the Rev. Mr. Brosius, a young German missionary then coming over, who was appointed tutor to the young Gallitzin. His learned and pious tutor lost no opportunity of directing the generous heart and cultivated mind of his pupil to the beauties and glories of religion. The example of St. Francis Xavier was frequently presented for his admiration, accompanied with that most appropriate lesson for the great ones of the world: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Who can fail to see in this event the finger of Providence, thus bringing together, as companions on a long voyage, the priest and the prince, the Raphael and Tobias?

Demetrius Augustine de Gallitzin arrived in the United States in 1792. Feeling an interior call to the sacred ministry, he consulted his spiritual directors at Baltimore and communed in retirement with his God. He became convinced of his vocation, and resolved to sacrifice all worldly honors, titles and pleasures on the altar of religion. The Seminary of St. Sulpice had recently been established in Baltimore under the direction of the excellent and saintly Abbé Nagot, to whom the young Gallitzin applied for admission, and was received as a seminarian on the 5th of November, 1792. The motives and sentiments of his heart in taking this step are poured forth in a letter which he wrote about this time to a friend, a minister at Munster. "In it he begs him to dispose his mother for the step he had finally taken, and informs him that he had sacrificed himself, with all he possessed, to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor in America, where the harvest was so great and the laborers so few, where the missionary had to ride frequently forty or fifty miles a day, and undergo difficulties and dangers of every

description. He adds that he doubted not his call, as he was willing to subject himself to such arduous labors." The mother of the young seminarian was so astonished at the news of the choice her son had made, that she addressed a letter to the Superior of the Seminary, in which she expressed the doubts she entertained of his vocation to the sublime office of the holy ministry. In his reply the venerable Abbé Nagot assured the princess, "that he had never brought to the altar a candidate for holy orders, about whose vocation he was so certain as that of her son; moreover lest perhaps it might be supposed he was too partial in his judgment, he declared that it was the opinion of the bishop also, and of all who knew him." His theological studies were greatly facilitated by the complete and finished secular education he had received in Europe. The progress he made in sacred learning, the science of the doctors, and in profound piety and humility, the science of the saints, under the excellent and learned professors of the seminary, the Abbés Nagot, Garnier and Tessier, was extraordinary. He was a model seminarian. The remembrance of his example remained long after him one of the most beautiful and edifying traditions of the seminary. After little over two years' study he was elevated to the priesthood on the 18th of March, 1795, receiving holy orders from the hands of the illustrious Archbishop Carroll, and was the fifth priest ordained in the United States. He cherished through life the most profound veneration and affection for Archbishop Carroll, who, in turn saw, in the young prince, throwing aside the sword and the star for the cross and the breviary, an invaluable accession to the American church. It was the habit of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin to speak of Archbishop Carroll in terms such as these: "In proportion as we approach Archbishop Carroll in our pastoral conduct, in the same proportion do we approach perfection." So charmed was he with the religious and heavenly atmosphere that pervaded the precincts of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, that he desired to spend there the remainder of his days, and did actually become, with the permission of the Archbishop, a member of the Sulpician Order. The Archbishop, however, soon found it necessary to detail the young priest upon missionary duties, in which he proved himself so efficient and zealous, that he was kept constantly on the mission. These duties necessarily broke off his connection with the Order of St. Sulpice as one of its members.

His first mission was Conewago, where Father Pelentz had already gathered a flourishing congregation. The circuit of his missionary labors was very extensive. Residing at Conewago he attended to the spiritual wants of all the surrounding country for a very great distance, embracing Taneytown, Pipe-Creek Settlement, Hagerstown and Cumberland, in Maryland; Martinsburg and Winchester, in Virginia; Chambersburg, Path-Valley, Shade Valley, Huntingdon, and the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania. His labors and travels through and over this vast region are almost incredible; no hardship, no sacrifice, no danger, could deter him or dampen his ardor for the salvation of souls and the honor and glory of God. But his experience and observation soon convinced him that he could accomplish more good and achieve more permanent results, by concentrating his efforts on a single spot, where he could labor without intermission or interruption for the cause of religion. He at once formed a plan for planting a Catholic colony, in the midst of which he could reside, and still carry the consolations of religion, when necessary, to distant and isolated families and settlements. Selecting for this purpose the rugged and wild summit of the Alleghenies, he took up his abode there in the year 1799.

Not more than a dozen Catholics lived in this region, and these were very scattered. Settling on a farm, which the proprietor had generously and nobly dedicated to the support of religion, he erected with the trees from the mountain forest a rude log building, twenty-five by thirty feet, which was *the first chapel* in which the early Catholics of the present flourishing diocese of Pittsburg first worshipped. The region of country lying between Lake Erie and Conewago, the Susquehannah and the Upper Potomac, was without church, priest or school, except a single congregation established a few years before by the Rev. Mr. Bauers, at Youngstown. The present limits of the diocese of Pittsburg scarcely embrace the entire missionary field which Father Gallitzin attended. No portion of this immense vineyard was ever neglected by him. Day and night he labored and travelled. "During these long missionary excursions, frequently his bed was the bare floor, his pillow the saddle of his horse, and the coarsest and most forbidding fare constituted his repast." These hardships and labors he sustained with a constitution very weak and delicate by nature. He seemed to live by his zeal and love, for it was often a matter of wonder how life could be sustained by the little food he took. His energy and zeal, as well as the fame of his reputation, attracted many persons to the mountains, desirous as they were to become members of the flock over which so good a shepherd watched. He purchased for the immigrants large tracts of land, which he subdivided into small farms and sold on accommodating terms to the colonists; in a great many cases bestowing land gratuitously on poor German immigrants who came to settle in that mountainous region. He was thus compelled to contract a very large debt, relying upon the recovery of his patrimony for the means of paying it.

The father of Prince Gallitzin persisted in remaining a disciple of Diderot, and never became reconciled to the conversion of his wife and son, and was particularly offended at his son's embracing the priesthood, and thus defeating the ambitious views of his father. He embittered the last days of that excellent and pious lady, the Princess Amelia, by reproaching her for the conversion of his son. He died in his infidelity at Brunswick, on the sixth of March, 1803. The good mother bore his reproaches with a patience and humble resignation, with which religion alone could have fortified her. The news of his father's death reached the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin, accompanied by the urgent solicitations of his mother and friends, that he would return to Russia, with the proper evidence of his identity, and claim the family estates as heir and successor to his father, the late Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin. She held before the mind of the zealous missionary, the immense benefits which the possession of such magnificent wealth would enable him to confer upon his new and needy mission. She wrote, urging the same arguments, to Bishop Carroll and the Abbé Nagot. The bishop and the abbé advised him to return, and upon the invitation of the former he visited Baltimore, where "he stated to them that he had caused a great number of Catholic families to settle in a wild and uncultivated region, where they formed a parish of considerable size; that the legislature had proposed to establish there a county seat; that numbers still continued to flock thither." Unable to send a priest to take his place, in the event of his going to Europe, the bishop was convinced by his arguments and concurred in his remaining. He wrote to his mother, "that whatever he might gain by the voyage *in a temporal point of view*, would not in his estimation, be compared with the *loss of a single soul*, that might be occasioned by his absence." At the earnest entreaties of his mother he appointed Baron de Furstenberg, the Prime Minister and Vicar-General to the Elector of Cologne, and the

Imperial Counts Frederick Leopold de Stolberg and Clemens Augustus de Mervelt, his agents to press for the recovery of his lawful patrimony. In 1806 his venerable mother, the Princess Amelia de Gallitzin, departed this life with all the consolations of religion, and after having done all in her power to restore the family inheritance to her son, for the benefit of his mission. In 1808 our missionary received the following unfavorable report of their agency from the distinguished personages whom he had authorized to act for him: "The question concerning your and the princess your sister's claim to your father's property in Russia, is so determined by the senate at St. Petersburg, that you, dearest prince, in consequence of your having embraced the Catholic faith, and clerical profession, cannot be admitted to the possession of your deceased father's property, and that, therefore, your sister, the princess, is to be considered the sole heiress to the said estates, and is to be put into possession of the same. The council of state has given the same decision, and the Emperor has, by his sanction, given the sentence the force of law. The princess, your sister, has now, by the laws of Russia, perfect control over the income, but cannot give the property away or dispose of it by will. However she is at liberty to sell it and dispose of the moneys arising from the sale. You see, then, dearest prince, that you are only nominally excluded. Your dear and respectable mother often thought it possible and probable that the decision would fall out the way it did, and was wont to say: *It is immaterial whether the sentence in Russia be pronounced in favor of both my children or only of my daughter. My son can lose nothing by it.* Even in Russia the business is considered in the same light. We therefore congratulate you on the happy issue of this business, without minding the killing letter of the law—as in this case the spirit of justice and charity makes up the loss to you."

Thus religion was persecuted in the person of her confessor minister, by the tyrannical court of Russia, which disinherited the lawful heir, because he had become a Catholic and a minister of God. No other reason could be assigned for this unjust and oppressive decree. Yet there was a prospect held out by the report of the prince's European agents, as their letter indicates, that a large portion of his estates might yet be recovered for him, and this prospect was confirmed by the promises of his sister, the Princess Maria Anna, whom the Russian court had declared sole heiress of the father, to the exclusion of her brother. She engaged to divide equally with him the revenues of the estates during her life and at her death to leave him all. She thus expressed herself in one of her letters to him: "I need not repeat to you, that you may be perfectly easy, if we only receive the property. Whether under your name or under my name, makes no difference amongst us. I shall divide with you faithfully, as I am certain you would with me. Such was the will of our deceased father and of our dearest mother; and such also will be the desire of my affectionate love and devotedness towards you, my dearest brother." Again: "I flatter myself more and more with the hope, that I shall die easy and contented, when reflecting that God has spared my days, in order to save for you a property which you certainly intend to spend for his glory, and wish to have only for his purpose." There can be no doubt of the candor and sincerity with which these promises were made. But the subsequent marriage of the lady Maria Anna de Gallitzin with an insolvent German prince, named De Salm, absorbed the family estates of the Gallitzins and blasted the hopes of our Allegheny missionary.

The prospects which the reports of his agents in Europe, and the promises of his sister, presented to the ardent mind of the zealous priest, had induced him to

go on in making still more extensive purchases of land to meet the increasing wants of his growing colony, and he had thus become still more deeply involved in debt. Great numbers of settlers were attracted to the colony, and many of these were utterly unable to pay any thing for their lands. But the zealous pastor remained undaunted and undismayed by the difficulties and embarrassments that surrounded him. He even suffered the unhappiness of hearing murmurs from some of his flock at the disappointed hopes they had perhaps too ardently cherished. Yet meekness, cheerfulness and perseverance were ever the means he used to overcome all difficulties. The hardy settlers, who thus pioneered those wild and mountainous regions, suffered at first incredible hardships and privations, but still they had in their midst their saintly and self-sacrificing pastor and father, sharing with them every hardship and misfortune, and even depriving himself of the necessities of life in order that they and their families might not suffer or want. His food consisted generally of black bread and a few vegetables; his clothing of the coarsest and plainest home-spun stuff; and his house was a poor log cabin, whose door, however, was always hospitably open to the poor and the stranger. Involved, as he was, in debt, no creditor or friend ever lost or suffered by his act or by his misfortune; and no portion of his heavy liabilities was incurred for his own pleasure, comfort or aggrandizement. His most ardent hope and sole motive were to plant and rear up that great Catholic colony around the summits of the Alleghenies, to save something for the poor and the church, and to promote the salvation of souls and God's glory. It was alone for these sublime objects that he desired to recover his fortune from Europe. Having failed in its recovery, he now turned his back on home, relatives and fortune, and rejected every appeal and advice to go to Europe, resolved to remain at his chosen post of duty. His energy and perseverance never left him. Through the persevering efforts of his influential friends in Europe he did receive some considerable remittances of funds; but those bore no proportion to what he was entitled to receive and was encouraged to expect. All that he received he spent upon the church and the colony. It is moderately estimated that he expended on these objects about 750,000 francs (\$150,000). This sum he received in remittances at various times from his sister, who did all in her power to be able to redeem her promises to make an equal partition with her brother. When the settlement was first founded the inhabitants had to travel thirty or forty miles for food and all the necessities of life; now their kind friend and pastor had provided them with grist mills, saw mills and other conveniences necessary to make a colony prosperous. The wilderness soon began to smile with plenty and happiness under his paternal care; and it may be cited, as an evidence of the final success of his energy, that, about the year 1837, he was able, in reply to a friend who urged him to return to Europe and make another effort for the recovery of his estates, to write: "I am afraid my journey to Europe must be deferred, *ad Graecas kalendas*, being in my sixty-seventh year, burthened moreover with the remnant of my debts, reduced from \$18,000 to about \$2,500, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and in preparing for a longer journey."

The many engrossing labors and anxieties, which the founding and maintaining of a new colony in a wild and unimproved country entailed upon him, never for an instant withdrew his attention from the still more arduous and engrossing duties of the mission. He dispensed with an untiring zeal the consolations of religion to his large and increasing mountain flock, and to all in need of them, whether far or near. Labor, toil, journeyings and fasting, seemed luxuries to him when

souls were to be saved. His watchful care was equally active for all parts of his vast mission. He was particularly active in guarding his flock from the seductive and corrupting influences of worldly folly, fashion, extravagance and pleasure. The simplicity of the primitive Christians seemed, under him, to have been revived in that mountain retreat. In the performance of the public offices of the Church his manner was remarkably devout, and inspired others with veneration; his zeal for the honor and respect due to the house of God was ever vigilant. No irreverence, no disrespect, was permitted by him to pass without its just reproof. While all loved him, his presence always inspired awe, even in those most intimate with him. Protestants, as well as Catholics, entertained towards him a profound respect and esteem; and when he said Mass before an audience composed almost wholly of Protestants, as was not unfrequently the case, the decorum and respect that prevailed would have led to the impression that they were all Catholics. He excluded pews and seats from his church, in order to exemplify the practical equality of the Gospel, and to remind Christians that the house of God is the house of prayer and humiliation, not a place of luxury and fashion. His sermons were full of profound religious sentiment, Catholic devotion, overpowering unction, and apostolic eloquence. He took great pleasure in explaining and defending the doctrines and discipline of the Church. Among the special objects of his zeal was the cause of temperance, which he advocated with great success. He even found time amid his many engagements for study and composition. On the day of humiliation and prayer appointed by the State, a Protestant minister of Huntingdon preached a discourse, in which he violently attacked and grossly misrepresented the doctrines of the Catholic religion. This attack called forth from the zealous Gallitzin that brilliant effort of genius and of faith, the *Defence of Catholic Principles*. He subsequently wrote the *Letter to a Protestant Friend*, and the *Appeal to the Protestant Public*. His writings have been compared to those of the illustrious Bossuet. His works have been repeatedly republished both in Europe and America, and are now standard Catholic books. His humility was truly heroic. He studiously avoided any allusion to himself or his acts, and repressed any allusion to his distinguished rank. For many years he suppressed the illustrious name of Gallitzin, and was known only as the *Rev. Mr. Smith*. When told of the celebrity of his works in this and other countries, he usually replied: "That he was glad that the same God who enabled an ass to speak—who enabled the illiterate to convert the universe, had enabled his ignorance to say something to the purpose in favor of the Catholic cause." The severest disappointments never caused his patience to fail him, nor his humility and resignation to falter. One example will illustrate this heroic self-control. His father, while Russian ambassador at Paris, had made a large collection of rare and valuable curiosities and of Greek and Roman antiquities, which he intended for the gallery of Saresco Zeno. Having become the property of his mother, she directed by her will that the same should be sold and the proceeds applied by the Abbé Overberg to the founding of religious institutions for the education of the poor or other charitable objects. The abbé decided that the establishments of the Rev. Prince de Gallitzin, in the Alleghenies, met the description in the will, and our missionary received the most authentic assurances that he would receive the legacy, which amounted to \$20,000. That sum was actually paid to his brother-in-law, the Prince De Salm, to be forwarded to America; \$10,000 were accordingly sent over, but for the remainder nothing but promises could ever be obtained. Bright were the hopes of doing good which the Rev. pastor of Loretto built upon this prospect;

when disappointed and wronged, as before related, not a murmur, not a reproach escaped his lips. His charity to the poor was fully equal to his humility and zeal. He was their father and guardian. The remittances he received from Europe became, in his hands, the treasures of the Church for the relief of the distressed. Never were they denied relief, whether much or little, he always gave what he had. On one occasion he had given a liberal alms to a stranger and traveller, who appeared to be an object worthy of charity, but who afterwards squandered the money improperly at a tavern. When informed of the deception, the noble donor replied: "I gave it not to him, I gave it to God." The last winter he spent on earth, being an unusually severe season, great distress prevailed among the poor of Loretto; he sent for them all to come to him and partake with himself of whatever he possessed. His devotional life reached a saintly standard. Prayer, meditation and penance, were the daily practices of his whole life. His models among the saints were Francis Xavier, Charles Borromeo and Vincent de Paul; but most especially and above all other saints, the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mother. Towards her he cultivated the most lively and tender devotion; he recited among his household every day the Rosary, and held her up to all as a pattern of perfection. The church in which he offered up the daily sacrifice was dedicated under her invocation, and the village of the settlement was called Loretto in her honor.

For forty-one years this holy priest led, upon the mountains, a most perfect Christian life, of which the foregoing is but a faint sketch. By precept and by example he illustrated the sublimest precepts of the sacred writings. His ecclesiastical superior, the bishop of the diocese to which the Allegheny mission then belonged, in his letter of the 15th of January, 1834, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith,* testifies to the high character and merits of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin while then living, in these words: "Loretto, in Cambria County, is the residence of a celebrated missionary, Prince Gallitzin, in the midst of a very numerous population. For more than thirty years this venerable man has chosen the summit of the Allegheny Mountains for the centre of his mission; from thence he has gone out from time to time to give the succors of religion to Catholics scattered over an immense territory, where five priests are now occupied. The number of the faithful was very small at his arrival in Cambria County; but his perseverance, in spite of all the difficulties he encountered, has been crowned with heavenly benedictions. The mountains have become fertile and the forests have bloomed. Many Protestants have followed his example in renouncing the errors of the sects in which they had been educated; and Catholics have come from all sides to entrust themselves to the paternal care of a priest, whose humble and pure life excites them to the exercise of evangelical virtues."

The fame of Father Gallitzin's virtues and apostolic labors was spread through both America and Europe, and he was every where regarded with veneration. His works ranked him high as a controversialist and theologian. It was several times contemplated to raise him to the dignity of the episcopacy. But his highest and only ambition was to be the humble pastor of Loretto. As he had abandoned the titles and honors of the world, he also, in his humility, considered himself unworthy of honors and dignities in the Church. Bishop Dubourg, in his letter of 28th of November, 1825, to Bishop Flaget, uses this language in reference to the subject of this memoir in connection with the question of erecting an Episco-

* Letter of Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia, in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.

pal See at Pittsburg : " I would propose the Prince Gallitzin as first on the list, and Mr. Maguire as second. I think the first place due to the former, in consequence of his long and useful services, and for the good he has effected in those quarters; and because he has already a large establishment, which would be very useful in the new bishopric."* After quoting the above passage Bishop Spalding † says : " We do not learn whether the application was actually made to Rome at this time ; but we gather from a previous letter of Bishop Dubourg, that he had before petitioned the Holy See to have Dr. Gallitzin appointed a titular Bishop (*in partibus*), as a mark of the estimation in which the Holy See held his distinguished services and great sacrifices in the cause of religion. He had also proposed the same eminent ecclesiastic as the first Bishop of Detroit."

In Holy Week, 1840, he was untiring in the performance of the solemn rites of the Church peculiar to that season, and unsparing of himself in his penitential austerities. While not officiating at the altar or preaching, he was engaged in the confessional. His physician and friends could not prevail on him, while thus toiling, to forego some portion of his fastings. A severe illness was thus brought on, and, as he had lived for his flock, he was now anxious to lay down his life in their service. Those who attended the death bed of the expiring apostle were charmed and thrilled to witness how a Christian can die. After his voice had left him, he still continued to testify his love and hope in *Jesus crucified* by repeatedly making upon his person the sign of the cross. He expired on the sixth of May, 1840, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, at his own beloved Loretto. In September, 1847, the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, who had received the last sigh of the apostle of the Alleghenies, pronounced his funeral oration in the church of St. Michael at Loretto, on the occasion of the removal of his remains to the handsome monument, which the piety and gratitude of his flock had erected to his memory.

Where the young missionary in 1799 had found, on his arrival in the mountains, but twelve, he left near ten thousand Catholics ; and what he found a wilderness, he left a garden. The field of his missionary labors is now occupied by the diocese of Pittsburg, with its distinguished bishop, its sixty-six churches, its sixty-three priests, and its Catholic population of nearly fifty thousand souls.

M. Laroche Heron relates that the conversion of the young Prince de Gallitzin and his mother, had a most salutary influence upon the Gallitzin family in Europe. One of the family, the young Prince Alexander Gallitzin, publicly embraced Catholicity at St. Petersburg, in 1814, at the age of fifteen years. He was at the time a pupil of the Jesuits, and his conversion had such renown and so incensed an uncle of the prince, one of the Emperor's ministers of religion, that the Society of Jesus was immediately banished from the possessions of the Czar. An aunt of the young Alexander became a Catholic in Russia, and was received into the Church by P. Ronsin. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth Gallitzin, having abjured the Greek religion, entered the community of the Sacred Heart, at Paris : after a sojourn at Rome, she was sent in 1840 to the United States, where she established four houses of her order, and died of the yellow fever in Louisiana on the 8th of December, 1843, at the age of forty-seven years.

The memory of the Rev. Mr. Gallitzin is to this day cherished with the warmest sentiments of filial love by the devoted flock which he left behind him. The name of *Gallitzin* has been given to a village, which already has its church

* Bishop Spalding's Life of Bishop Flaget, p. 250.

† Id.

and flourishing congregation. The inhabitants of that entire settlement are eminently distinguished by their firm and lively faith, and their zeal; their manners are so frank and innocent, that they have been appropriately compared to those of the patriarchal ages. It may well be conjectured how good was the pastor, who reared up and instructed such a flock. A recent proof of their truly Catholic zeal and devotion, and of their attachment and respect for the Holy See, has been exhibited in the magnificent and enthusiastic reception they extended to Mgr. Bedini, the Apostolic Nuncio. That illustrious person has himself thus described his visit to Loretto: "The journals will inform you but very imperfectly of the course of my travels, and you could not at all form any idea of my visit to Loretto, which has presented a most touching spectacle. This village, sanctified by the apostleship of the Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, is situated upon the highest mountains of Pennsylvania, and is inhabited by Germans, all Catholics without exception. My carriage was preceded by about five hundred persons on horse back, men and women, and followed by fifty vehicles. This peaceful cortège defiling joyously around the vast mountains, under a most brilliant sun, was to us as solemn as it was touching. In fact every where, *and above all at Loretto*, the joy of the Catholics has been immense, and has manifested itself in a most edifying and lively manner. These demonstrations could not have been more brilliant or more beautiful, and they reminded me of the welcome which greeted me in Canada."

R. H. C.

THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

FEW of the great men of our day will, on the pages of Church history, occupy a more conspicuous or more honorable place than Nicholas (Cardinal) Wiseman, either as a member of the Sacred College, the first Archbishop of Westminster, and corner-stone of the new English hierarchy; as a learned and brilliant controversialist, or as a writer abounding in erudition, a knowledge of the Oriental languages, manners and customs; the life of the primitive Christians and all their remains, as well as in a thorough knowledge alike of theology and of the times in which he lived, and above all in the skill and interest with which he communicates the treasures of his vast and richly adorned mind to his hearers and readers: hearers especially, for most of his works are lectures delivered orally, which necessarily lose much in being committed to writing.

It is not our purpose to consider him in his career as a prelate before or since the establishment of that hierarchy which caused such anile fears in the English government, but to give some idea of his works to such Catholic readers as are yet unacquainted with them, or remind the forgetful of the treasures which they have on their shelves. Before entering upon a literary account of them, we may be pardoned for giving some account of his Eminence.

Nicholas Wiseman was born in August, 1802, at Seville, in Spain, where his father was an eminent banker; his mother being, and we believe his father also, of Irish origin. To American Catholics it is not without some pride that we can add that relatives on both his father's and mother's side have been as humble religious in our convents, missionaries as of the ages of faith, laborers to extend the benefits of Catholic education or the works of mercy over the face of our restless, seething, mind-racking land. At an early age young Wiseman was sent

to Rome, and shewing a vocation for the ecclesiastical state, was entered as a student at the English College at Rome. Here, under Dr. Gradwell, and the other distinguished men who filled the chairs of that celebrated house, he advanced so rapidly in science that in 1828 we find him its President.

In 1835 a course of academic lectures which he delivered to the students on the Connection of Science and Revealed Religion, excited attention in Rome, and though his health was extremely feeble, he consented to read them to a large and select attendance in the apartments of his Eminence Cardinal Weld. Short as they were, for he was never able to bear the exertion of reading for more than half an hour at a time, Doctor Wiseman completely surprised his auditors, many of them scientific men, by the richness and variety of the knowledge which he displayed, and the clear unpedantic style in which he imparted it. They urged him to give them to the world in a printed form, and at last yielding to their advice, he proceeded to London in the same year to publish them.

He was not, however, unemployed there; while they were going through the press his health was completely restored, and he lectured in the Advent of 1835, at the Royal Sardinian chapel, with such applause that the Vicar Apostolic of the London District urged him to deliver a series of lectures at St. Mary's, Moorfields, during the ensuing Lent. These were his Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church, which he published soon after, adding, to complete his plan, his "Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, proved from Scripture," eight lectures delivered at Rome. He also published, indeed prior to these, his witty, withering annihilation of John Noynder, Esq., who had, like Middleton, attempted to prove Popery to be a child of paganism; or like Bunyan, make them two fierce monsters to devour his pilgrim Christian, monsters whom it behoves all Christians to beware of.

This was not the only result of Dr. Wiseman's visit to England in 1836. The idea of commencing a Catholic Quarterly was conceived by the learned and excellent Mr. Quinn, who applied to the illustrious O'Connell and Dr. Wiseman to aid him. Both consented, and the Dublin Review was started, its first number containing an article from the pen of the future Cardinal.

Dr. Wiseman then returned to Rome, and resuming his duties as head of the English College, delivered in the Lent of 1837, "Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels." Meanwhile his brief visit to London, his three works thrown almost together from the press: the establishment of a Catholic Review, and his disappearance from England almost as sudden as his appearance, aroused the champions of Protestantism. As some daring Camanche brave on our western deserts, swoops alone into a Mexican town and amid the general terror bears off his booty to his home in the wilderness, even so had the president of the English College dashed into the midst of Protestantism and retired unharmed, with all the laurels of victory. In a moment their whole village turned out en masse; the reviews thundered out like cannon from the walls: Turton with his Cambridge bonnet of divinity, charged like the light horse at Balaklava (that is, as they were supposed to have charged), while a whole army of Bashibazoaks and Zouaves in the shape of Protestant journals, Congregational magazines, Pambles, O'Sullivans and Phil. Alethes, pounced upon him reckless and unsparing, though neither well armed, well mounted nor well disciplined.

While England thus received a man of eminent talent, his works crossed the Atlantic, and in the United States excited profound attention. The lectures on Science and Revealed Religion were at once acknowledged to be the book for the times; the best and most complete answer in the language to the infidel doctrines which have always prevailed, sometimes more, sometimes less openly in this country. The Protestant Theological Seminary at Andover adopted the work of the Catholic Doctor, and had it printed for the use of the Institution as a text book: and time has never weakened the high esteem held for them. So late as the appearance of Gliddon's *Types of Mankind*, a work of a most infidel character, cloaked under the pretence of science, the writer of this article was urged by a Protestant clergyman of ability to exert himself to have these invaluable lectures cheaply re-printed as the best antidote to those atheistic or deistic doctrines which spiritualism and its attendants are more widely diffusing.

Dr. Wiseman at Rome was neither disconcerted by the rude treatment he received from England, nor puffed up by the appreciation bestowed on him by America. He deigned no reply to his adversaries for a time, but when their triumphant air and his silence seemed to announce him vanquished, he came forth in a reply to Dr. Turton, admirable in its tone and complete in its refutation.

His merit was now acknowledged, and it surprised no one to see him in 1840 appointed president of the Roman Catholic College at Oscott, and Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of the London District. From his devotion to the Ven. Francis Ignatius Delgado, Vicar Apostolic of Tonquin, who had been recently martyred, he sought and obtained his title "*Bishop of Melipotamus*," and retained it till in 1850 he was created first Archbishop of Westminster, and Cardinal of St. Pudentiana. His career as a prelate we cannot detail, nor can we here mention his numerous and ever seasonable lectures and discourses, which he has from time to time delivered, but which exist only in pamphlet form or the columns of journals. His only work of recent years, beyond the collected volumes of his contributions to the *Dublin Review*, being his unequalled tale of *Fabiola*.

Our task then shall be to consider in a literary point of view his Lectures on the Connection of Science and Revealed Religion, with those on the Doctrines of the Church, the Eucharist, and Holy Week, as also his Essays, and *Fabiola*, alluding occasionally to his recent lectures, almost all of which are on popular topics of the day.

Science had during the last century in Europe, and is now in America by pseudo savants, been made an instrument of assailing Christianity, and Cardinal Wiseman develops the plan to be pursued by the young Levite in arming himself with the weapons which true science affords to overcome and unmask the pretenders to science, who compensate in superficiality what they lack in depth. The principal sciences to which he calls attention are Ethnology, or the comparative study of languages, a science of which Father Charlevoix is, to some extent, the father—the Natural History of the human race—Geology—History—Archæology, and Oriental Literature. Every one of these has been made the basis of charges against revelation, yet no where can better proof of revelation be found than in them; they are indeed a second bible, in which every revealed truth may be found, and found true, as Cardinal Wiseman, and more recently Nicholas, has so beautifully shown in his *Philosophical Study of Christianity*.

Let it not be supposed that a lecture on various unknown and to us barbarous languages, will be devoid of interest or lie like a sandy desert before the blooming

land we seek to enter. Nothing can be more beautiful than the form in which Dr. Wiseman conveys it:

"The learned world slumbered content with the hypothesis that the few languages known might all be resolved into one, and that one the Hebrew. Aroused by new discoveries which defied this easy vindication of the Mosaic history, they saw the necessity of a totally new science, which should dedicate its attention to the classification of languages. At first it seemed as though the infant science was impatient of control, and its earliest progress seemed directly at variance with the soundest truths. Gradually, however, masses which seemed floating in uncertainty came together, and like the garden islands of the Mexican lake, combined into compact and extensive territories, capable and worthy of the finest cultivation. The languages, in other words, grouped themselves into various large and well connected families, and thus greatly reduced the number of primary idioms from which others have sprung."

Thus does he constantly bring from the rich storehouse of his mind old things and new, relieving all by apt simile and imagery. The perorations and exordiums of several of these lectures, for instance, the perorations of the first and second, the exordium of the sixth and tenth, and the concluding one entire.

We are not giving a compte rendre of these admirable lectures; we cannot follow him in his study of Man, or detail his beautiful development of Geology and its harmony with Holy Writ, or see how easily true knowledge scatters to the winds the fabled antiquity of India, Egypt and China. We cannot, with him, study the monuments of the past, and learn that "archæology, the study of ruins and of monuments, while it enlightens and delights us, may well form the basis of the strongest religious impressions and individual evidences."

The eleventh lecture bears especially on the Holy Scriptures, and the knowledge of languages and manners necessary to its appreciation, and thus enters more into the ordinary circle of ecclesiastical studies.

"Religion is like a plant, which drives its roots into the centre of the soul; having in them fine and subtle fibres, that pierce and penetrate into the solidest framework of a well built mind, and strong knotty arms that entangle themselves among the softest and purest of our feelings. And if without, it also put forth shoots and tendrils innumerable, wherewith, as with hands it apprehends and keeps hold of mundane and visible objects, it is rather for their benefit and ornament, than from any want of such support; nor does it from them derive its natural and necessary vitality. Now it is with this outward and luxurious growth, that our husbanding hath been chiefly engaged, rather than with its hidden foundations and roots: we have, perhaps, somewhat extended its beneficial connexions; we have sometimes wound it round some decayed and neglected remnant of ancient grandeur: we have stretched it as a garland to some vigorous and youthful plant, and mingled the fruits of its holiness with less wholesome bearing, and we have seen how there is a comeliness and grace given to both, by the contact; how it may cast an interest and an honor, and a beauty over what else were useless or profane."

Such is his own beautiful summary of these imperishable lectures, with which no English scholar can confess himself unacquainted.

The lectures on the Doctrines of the Church are more popular, and if we may say so, less classic: there is less beauty in form, but no less solidity, an admirable tact in bringing together the arguments by which he establishes each doctrine of the Church. He opens with a general view of the rule of faith, and comparing the Catholic and Protestant one in themselves and in their practical success in converting the heathen nations, leaves the candid mind no room to doubt. Grounding thus the truth of the Catholic Church, he develops the belief as to penance and its accessories; the theory of temporal punishment of sin here and

hereafter, as distinguished from the guilt of sin, and concludes by an exposition of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, and that of the Real Presence.

In these lectures all is clear, cogent reasoning, illustrated by an endless variety of facts which show his wide acquaintance with the current literature and publications of the time, as well as of those writers of the past in which alone the ecclesiastic writer is usually deemed to be versed. The style is clear, and interests wonderfully, ever enlivened by the rich under-play of suggestive ideas, for he is not one who says all or seems to say all. Each sentence starts a train of thought, often independent of his own. One beautiful passage worthy of being inscribed on the banner of Catholicity here at this moment, we will alone cite :

"The time is gone by when they can raise against us the war cry of our practicing superstitions injurious to God, as much as it is for raising the cry of disloyalty and disaffection to the state. Both have had their day, and the day of both is passed, and no one can serve our cause better or more thoroughly disgust his hearers, than he who shall endeavor to found his attack upon Catholics on such declamatory and groundless imputations as these. Thank God, and thank also the generosity and uprightness of our fellow countrymen, we can now stand fairly and openly before the public. We are anxious not to shrink from inquiry, but to court it; we throw open our places of worship to all men, we publish our books of prayer and instruction before the world; we submit the least of our children and their catechisms to examination; we invite all to inspect our schools, and present the masters and their scholars to their interrogation; all that we write and read is at the command of the learned; and, if in our power, we would open our breasts and ask them to look even into our hearts,—for God knows that we have nothing to shade, nothing to conceal;—and there let them read our belief, as written on its tablets in the simplest and plainest terms. No attack can any longer be allowed by any sensible, reasonable, generous or liberal minded man, except through calm and cool investigation, based entirely on the correct statement of our doctrines, and conducted exclusively, not by vague quotations from the word of God, but by arguments clearly and strongly addressed to his understanding."

Space does not permit us to analyse his lectures on the Eucharist, the best treatise extant, with its terrible crushing of Clarke, Horne, Lee and the other English writers who by pretended Oriental learning had attacked the Catholic doctrine; nor can we follow his triumphant answer to Turton, his lectures on Holy Week, or those admirable ones on prominent topics of the day, with which he has charmed the English public within the last few years.

His contributions to the Dublin Review are now happily collected under the title of Essays. Some of these are on Scriptures, and we have nothing in English to compare to his papers on the Miracles, Parables and Actions of the New Testament; that on the Catholic versions of Scripture, Prayer and Prayer Books, minor rites and offices, should be familiar to all, while the varied articles which comprise the third volume equal in interest and beauty his recent lectures, bearing as they do on almost every conceivable topic: though many are devoted to Italy and Christian art.

His latest work, new in its plan and conception, fresh in its execution, *Fabiola*, has not perhaps added much to the literary fame of its author, but has certainly sustained it. The task was difficult—to bring into the realm of fiction the saints whom the Church had for so many centuries revered on the altars, to bring them in as living characters, reviving Rome in the days of the early Emperors, with all its transition, manners, customs and ideas. But few are more intimately acquainted with the Eternal City in its present or past states, few more conversant with the life of the early Christians, few more frequent pilgrims to the Catacombs than Cardinal Wiseman. *Fabiola*, or the Church of the Catacombs, is conse-

quently the most beautiful picture in the language of the early Roman Church ; it is as exact and accurate as a Mosaic ; the plot and conversation barely sufficient to connect the various parts, scarcely enough indeed to make it interest as a tale. As the author himself justly remarks, the information given is fuller for the period than is given in many didactic works, and few can rise from its perusal without a feeling of gratitude. The style is beautiful and graceful, the characters of Agnes especially, of Sebastian, Pancratius, blessed trio of saints, of Syra and her fell brother, of the weak traitor, are all beautifully drawn, and the purity of the Christians contrasted in all its beauty with the dark vices of paganism, which could yet utter its vile calumnies on Christianity, accusing the Catholic then, as now, of being an enemy of God, his country and his race.

LETTER TO THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

SIR :—The February number of your interesting Monthly, which has just fallen under my eye, contains an article so unjustly reflecting upon the Church of which I am as unworthy a member as a feeble advocate, that I presume upon your courtesy so far as to request the favor of an opportunity to reply.* If the article to which I allude had appeared in any of the many periodicals devoted to the interests of particular creeds, I should suffer it to pass entirely without notice, no less from a conviction of the futility of any attempt to combat prejudices, so violent and unreasonable as those of which Catholicism is the victim, than from an apprehension, *founded upon experience*, that the opportunity of presenting any refutation, through the source that conveyed the misstatement, would be peremptorily denied me.

Occupying, however, as you do, the position, and claiming the praise of entire independence on religious matters, in the conduct of your magazine, I feel no hesitancy in preferring my request for a portion of your pages, to notice the attack of the writer alluded to, believing as I do that in support of an erroneous theory, he has perverted history, misstated current events, and grossly, though I would fain believe, unintentionally, libeled a body of clergymen as pure and pious as they are universally conceded to be learned and able. The very brief interval that will elapse before your next issue, leaves me but scanty time for investigation, and the number of misstatements in my *text* forces me to give but a short notice to each.

The article to which I allude is entitled : "The Rise of Despotism in Europe," and purports to be a sketch of the causes which have led to what the writer assumes to be the existing despotic condition of Europe.

These causes are, in his judgment, three :

1. The oppressions of kings.
2. The assistance of the nobles in these oppressions.
3. And for the most potent of all, the subtlety, cruelty and power of the Catholic priesthood, particularly the Jesuits.

* This letter was first sent to the editor of the above periodical, but refused an insertion.

With regard to the first of these causes I shall not quarrel with the author of the article, except it be considered such to object that it is a species of solecism to assert, that the oppressions of kings *caused* despotism, when in fact such oppressions *constitute* despotism. Nor do I intend to controvert his second position, though the historical reader will bear me out in the assertion that kings have usually found the nobility the sternest and sturdiest foes to their usurpations. I shall confine myself then to the examination of the truth of his third charge—that the chief instrument wherewith liberty has been crushed in Europe, “was found,” to use the language of the author, “not in the sword of the soldier, but in the power of the priest.” In support of the positions he assumes, the writer of the article in question gives an account of the “*rise of despotism*” in Spain and France, in the former of which nations he dates the subversion of popular liberty from the accession of Charles V, which took place in 1516; and in the latter from the accession of Charles IX, an event that occurred forty-four years afterwards, *before which periods there must, of course, have existed that comparative popular liberty, on the ruins of which the author founds his “Rise of Despotism.”* It is evident that it would be the grossest self-contradiction to affirm that at these periods despotism *arose*, and at the same time to deny that liberty existed in those countries *prior* to these eras.

And here, at the very threshold of our subject, two reflections of the highest consequence suggest themselves—reflections which our Protestant friends never suffer to enter into the quiet current of their *philosophizings* about history.

First. As Catholicism existed with unbounded sway in Europe for more than a thousand years before the epoch of the rise of despotism in these countries, it cannot fairly be charged with *causing* that rise.

Second. It is a remarkable fact that European despotisms, according to Protestant writers themselves, sprang up almost, without exception, at the very time of, or immediately subsequent to, the Reformation!

There were priests in France, and nobles, and kings,—Catholic priests, nobles and kings ten centuries before the time of Charles IX, or of Luther, but despotism it seems did not *rise* under their sway. For many ages there were Catholic priests and kings and nobles in Arragon—the Christian portion of Spain—but no breath of despotism sullied the pure air breathed by those brave men, whose oath of allegiance to their king was: “Lo, we who are your equals, choose you for our sovereign, and promise obedience to your government, *on condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; if not, not!*”

With these preliminary remarks, let us examine briefly the theory and assertions of our author.

He seems to assume generally throughout his article, that the kings, nobles and priests of Europe during the period which he has chosen to stigmatize as the birth time of despotism, were on terms of perfect concord—that they banded themselves together with a firm alliance for the work of enslaving the people. Nothing can be farther from the truth, and the article itself furnishes the refutation. On the first page the author represents the Castilian nobles *warring with Charles V*, because of his encroachment on the rights of the nation. Truly with a strange forgetfulness of his facts, he speaks on the very same page of “the forces of the nobles and the mercenaries of the king” *uniting* against the people, but he soon recovers himself, and on the fourth page (p. 86 of the magazine) he complacently remarks:

"We have shown, we think clearly, that the union of kings, cardinals and priests have (has) destroyed the ancient liberties of Spain and France."

Not a word about nobles!

The fact is, as I have before intimated, the clergy and nobles were the great bulwark between the prerogative of the crown and the liberties of the people. To quote but one illustration of this from the numberless instances with which mediæval history particularly is crowded; when William the Conqueror laid his iron grasp upon the Saxons, confiscating their property, trampling on their rights, and condemning them to slavery, the Norman priests, whom he tried to bribe by offers of preferment to assist him in his tyranny, publicly and loudly rebuked him for his despotism. "They refused," says a Protestant historian, "to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians." (*Macaulay* i, p. 18).

In the next place he tortures the facts of history to support this theory, irreconcilable as it is with itself, and it is to some of his errors on this head that I shall henceforth confine myself.

He begins with an account of the manner in which despotism sprang up in Spain; this he declares to have been by the "usurpation" of Charles V, aided by Cardinal Ximenes, and to carry out his principle he represents the Cardinal as a "haughty priest" who colligated with Charles for the enslavement of Spain. Unfortunately for his theory, history will scarcely bear him out in either of his assertions—not at all in the second. At the death of the illustrious Isabella, the crown of Spain descended by the laws of the kingdom to her only child, Joanna, but the latter being insane, Isabella nominated Ferdinand, her own husband, Regent of Spain, "until the majority of her grandson Charles." (*Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella* iii, 176). Ferdinand died, however, before Charles attained his majority, but during the life of the unfortunate Joanna, who still continued insane, and by his will he appointed Ximenes Regent of Spain. Being himself but Regent, he had no right to make this appointment, and the question arose who should govern Spain. Charles was fast approaching manhood and manifested an ability far above his years. If then he stepped forth and assumed the reins of power which, sooner or later, he would inherit from his mother, and which that mother was incompetent to hold, it is rather over-stepping historic truth to speak of it as usurpation. Moreover, it will be seen that the authority of Ximenes was, in fact, in opposition to the claim of Charles, and not a part of the machinery of "usurpation."

But the second part of the statement is utterly at war with the facts of the case. The author says:

"The Cardinal Ximenes had been declared Regent of Spain He had been well chosen from his influence as a priest to overawe and to persuade the superstitious Spaniards."

This assertion is entirely gratuitous. Ximenes was the principal adviser of Isabella throughout by far the most glorious portion of her career, and contributed more than any other man in Spain to strengthen and extend the magnificent empire that sprung from the debris of the Moorish dynasty. Nor was he less esteemed by Ferdinand after the death of his consort; he bowed always to his opinions, conscious that he had no higher ambition than the glory of Spain. When finally on his death-bed, the aged monarch turned to his attendant counsellors and asked them to whom he should leave the regency of the kingdom, the

weeping nobles answered with one voice, "Ximenes," and he confirmed their choice. Indeed history speaks in the most exalted terms as well of the *integrity* as the *ability* of this distinguished man; and so far from accusing him of a spirit of opposition to popular right, it informs us that one of the earliest acts of his power was the organization of military companies *among the people*, to secure them against the oppressions of the nobles. (*Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella* iii, 407.)

The silly story about the Cardinal frightening the nobles into terms by the display of an artillery train and military force, which our author repeats, in support of his picture of Ximenes, rests on no foundation whatsoever. Gomez, who tells it, says it was so *rumored*, and this is all the authority for an anecdote, to the spirit of which the whole life of the great prelate is in opposition. (*Gomez De Rebus Gestis*, 158). Indeed, so obnoxious was Ximenes to the parasites of the king, and it is not unlikely to the king himself, that the young monarch had scarcely landed on the shores of Spain, ere he drove into retirement the great Regent! Charles may have wished to tyrannize over Spain, for power is ever self-aggrandizing, but the Cardinal was no accomplice.

Before leaving this topic it may be well to notice another error of our author, which although of little bearing except as corroborative of the despotic character he attributes to Charles, is worth setting right.

He says that Charles did not take the oath to preserve the liberties of the state. This is a mistake: he went to Arragon and solemnly swore to guard her laws and rights, before the Arragonese would acknowledge him. (*Sandoval, Carlos V*, i, page 53).

"Another thing," says our author, "which aided in destroying Spanish liberty, and which strengthened the hands of the king, was the establishment of the Jesuits. . . . absolute despots in their own government—obeying their superiors implicitly and uncomplainingly—they were well fitted to advance the cause of absolute power in the state, and to uphold a throne," &c.

The philosophy of this passage is as fallacious as its statements are erroneous. An order owing implicit allegiance to a power outside of the state, is not the instrument wherewith a despot rules. A tyrant is always jealous of divided obedience; he wishes, like Henry VIII, to unite all power in himself, and always strives to weaken the tie which binds the subject to another authority. But the history of the Jesuits is the most conclusive answer to the position of our author, showing, as it does, that kings have always been the greatest enemies of the Jesuits, dividing the honor however with despotic ministers and mistresses. It was Pombal, the despotic minister of a more despotic prince, that drove the Jesuits from Portugal in 1758. It was Madame Pompadour, the mistress of the despotic Louis XV, who effected their expulsion from France, a woman who after a life of forty-four years of debauchery and crime, died a few years afterwards amid the unmeasured and universal execrations of the French people. It was Carlos III, and the high-handed Arnada, one of the despots of Spain, as our author would have it, who drove the Jesuits from that country. Indeed, so utterly untrue is the assertion that the Jesuits aided the kings in domineering over the people, that Ganganelli, in a consistory under Pope Clement XIII, advocated the suppression of the order by His Holiness, in order, as he said, *to avoid the continual complaint of the kings of Europe*. (*Convers. Lexicon Art. Jesuit*), and when he became pope himself he suppressed them.

So much for Spain. Our author then takes up the history of France, and begins his account of the rise of despotism in that country with this statement:

"France had been divided and torn by religious wars. . . A league was formed to exterminate the Protestants by the Princes of the House of Guise, of which the King was a member."

This is an entirely gratuitous assertion—no such "league" ever existed. The Catholic party in France were led by the Duke of Guise in those wars, in which the Protestants, under Coligni, joined with the old enemies of France, the English, to resist their lawful monarch. During these wars the brave Duke of Guise was basely assassinated by the Huguenot Poltrot, who, it was believed, had been hired for that infamous purpose by Coligni! That the son and family of the gallant Duke should feel the greatest resentment at this cruel murder, and the deepest abhorrence of its perpetrator, is very natural, but that they formed any "league" for the destruction of the Protestants is utterly groundless, and that Charles IX was a party to such a league is *a fortiori* untrue. Although the Huguenots had twice been in arms against Charles, under this very Coligni, he was disposed to forgive both him and them, made peace with them, and invited their leader to the capital on terms of cordial friendship. When some heated partisan fired at Coligni in the street, Charles used every effort to bring the offender to justice, a fact that Walsingham, the resident English minister, when challenged to dispute it, did not deny. Indeed any school-boy could have told our author that when it was represented to Charles that the Huguenots were going to strike a blow at the capital, it was with the utmost difficulty his consent could be obtained to the plan of anticipating the blow by their destruction,—that he opposed the "massacre" till the last moment, and mourned it during his whole after life. The "massacre" was, in truth, the result of political acerbity, heightened and sharpened by deep personal resentment.

The number of the slain at this "massacre of St. Bartholomew" our author modestly estimates at 80,000! I am surprised that he did not copy Perefex, and place it at 100,000; the round number looks bitter. Protestant writers have invented a sliding scale for the victims of this horrible crime, ranging from 10,000 up to 100,000, but no effort was ever made to arrive at the truth of the matter but one. Shortly after the massacre, Caveyrae, a Protestant writer, attempted to gain accurate information on the subject by writing to public men in all the cities and towns of France, soliciting lists of those slain or *supposed to have been slain* in the massacre. These lists he published in 1582, ten years after the event, and they amounted to — seven hundred and eighty-six (786), a number truly terrible, and probably below the fact considerably, but what a huge leap from 80,000! (*Caveyrae, Martyrology Dissert.* 38).

The revocation of the edict of Nantes is the next great epoch of our author in the *despotizing* of France. The discussion of the *right* of this revocation would lead us too far from our subject, nor indeed is it necessary. Catholicism is no more responsible for this act than is Protestantism for the revocation of the treaty of Limerick, entered into by the "Protestant hero," William III. But there is this noteworthy difference between them: the Catholic princes kept their treaty for ninety years, while the Protestant king violated his before ninety *days*!

The next *victim* of our author is Richelieu. Of the masterly statesmanship, the profound sagacity, the indomitable will of this astonishing man, it is needless that I should speak. But that the people of France did not consider him an *oppressor* (and who could be a better judge?) is proved by our author himself, who informs

us that the great Cardinal "passed to his account amid the applauses of the people with the benedictions of the Church." (*Messenger*, p. 85).

Beloved by the people, blessed by the Church, his memory will probably survive the attacks, indeed the names of many of his cotemporaries who feared, hated and envied him.

As a conclusion to his attack upon Richelieu, Mazarin and the Jesuits, our author asks :

"When have priests, Jesuits, bishops, cardinals and popes been advocates of freedom or labored to remove obstacles from the path of a people struggling for liberty?"

The question is answered as easily as it is asked. We reply : when Langdon led the Barons to assert their rights at Runnymede,—when the Norman clergy threatened the haughty Conqueror,—when Anselm rebuked the oppressions of Rufus,—when Las Cases pleaded the cause of the poor Indian in the face of conquering armies and a corrupt court,—when Celestine III excommunicated the Duke of Austria for his injustice,—when Alexander cited the German Henry to answer at Rome for his tyrannies,—when the great Hildebrand ground the same tyrant in the dust,—when the Hungarian Bishops blessed the arms of the unfortunate Magyars,—when the last of the Gregories denounced the imperial Nicholas in the Eternal City for his persecutions,—when the present occupant of the See of Rome began that series of reforms which the revolution swept away in blood.

But I must hasten on ; having dispatched Spain and France, our author turns his attention to Russia. He writes :

"In Russia the Emperor is the head of the church, and however licentious, or however cruel, is considered the vicerent of God on earth. Throughout his broad dominions every priest and every peasant worship him. Such are the governments where an organized priesthood has power."

Therefore, I must be allowed to remark, first, that Russia is, at least, not a Catholic country ; secondly, there is no Catholic nation in the world where the hereditary prince is head of the Church ; and thirdly, the only other land in Christendom where such hereditary ruler is head of the Church is that centre of light, religion and constitutional freedom, Protestant England. Here, also, however licentious or cruel the king may be, he is "head of the church." Henry VIII was a beastly libertine, and "head of the church ;" Elizabeth, a cold-blooded tyrant, and "head of the church ;" George III, a slaving idiot, and "head of the church ;" George IV, the *first gentleman* and greatest scoundrel in Europe, was "head of the church."

But let us bring this already too protracted article to a close, by a notice of the deductions of our author from all his facts and fancies. Divested of the elocution with which they are surrounded, they are—

1. Get rid of the Jesuits.
2. Take education out of the hands of priests.
3. Look into the wealth of prelates! page 89.
4. Make the clergy an elective body chosen by and responsible to the people. Comprehensive enough at any rate.

Of the poor Jesuits our author has the most mortal fear. He sees their cassocks in every passing shadow, their cowls in every rustling leaf. How contemptuous must be his opinion of the sanity of his fellow-countrymen, when he

attempts to lash them into fury against some hundred or two unarmed and defenceless men, for there are not more Jesuits in the Union!

But how, pray, are these terrible Jesuits, these sons of Anak, mighty men of valor, to accomplish this task of enslaving the twelve millions of Protestants and *ten millions of infidels* (see Census 1850) of which this country is composed? Not by making speeches on the hustings. Not by becoming candidates for public office,—their solemn vows forbid them to enter the paths of politics. Not by attempting to brow-beat Congress with monster petitions.

The last prescription of our author is rather too red-republican to excite any apprehensions of its adoption. Christians have an antiquated idea that their ministers, for the discharge of their religious functions, should be responsible to certain ecclesiastical courts and to God, and we have not arrived exactly to that pitch of perfection, on our road of progress, which would justify the opening of polls for the election of parsons.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have finished, imperfectly it is true, and in much haste, my task. The Church whose humble advocate I am, is now passing through one of those fiery ordeals to which, in the wise dispensations of Providence, she has been subjected in every age and in nearly every clime. The pulpit and the press have been directed against her in this country for half a century, utterly in vain. Every weapon that the most fiendish malice could suggest and the most fiendish ingenuity devise, has been hurled at her high battlements, and has fallen harmless at their base. Maria Monks have risen at one period and Leaheys at another with their filthy falsehood to rouse the passions of the people, and though one dies a harmless vagrant in a New York gutter, and the other finds an appropriate termination to his blasphemous career in a western penitentiary, the ranks are soon filled up with fresh calumniators; but all in vain. And now, the strong hand of power is invoked, the torch and sword of persecution! We are to be disfranchised, disgraced, destroyed. The high heritage of freedom, won by the valor of our Catholic sires, is to be wrested from our hands, and we are to be made outcasts and pariahs in a land purchased by their blood; our churches burned, our pastors persecuted, and their flocks scattered and wasted. But though we should perish the Church dies not. "She saw," says the great Protestant historian, "she saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may (and will) still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

CARROLL.

PETERSBURG, VA., February 23, 1856.

THE PRESS.

BY J. BALMES.....Translated for the *Metropolitan*.

WE commend the following article to the readers of the *Metropolitan*, as one worthy of the pen of BALMES, and therefore worthy of the most attentive perusal. He gives us the views of a Christian philosopher upon this important subject, in which, with his accustomed ability, he winnows the wheat from the chaff, and gives to the press a well merited eulogy, while he does not attempt to gloss over or conceal the evils which follow in its train. He speaks like a philosopher, not like a demagogue. He distinguishes clearly between use and abuse; and he shows also the necessity of forbearance at times, with what we cannot approve, in preference to setting up legal, but ill judged restrictions, which tend, in fact, rather to increase the evil than to abate it. He illustrates this position forcibly by citing the restrictions upon the press in France during the eighteenth century, and yet in spite of them, as he says, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to any period when it exercised a sway more vast, or more terrific. A free press then is a public necessity; its abuses must be met by its proper use, sustained by truth and enlightened public opinion. When these fail, restrictive laws will scarcely prove more salutary or potent. This of course applies only to the discussion of public matters and of general principles; a slanderous or scandalous press, or the conductors thereof, invading private life or injuring personal character, must be amenable to the laws which apply to individuals who thus wantonly and maliciously disturb the peace of society:

The press was inaugurated by the publication of the Bible, it has descended to the language of Billingsgate; thus music, painting, poetry, have sprung up in the temples, and have strayed to the gin shops and to houses of iniquity. But as the vilest poets have not been able to tarnish the glory of Homer, of Virgil, and of Tasso, and as the discordant sounds of a wretched musical instrument detract nothing from the magic notes of Mozart and Rossini; as the prodigies of Michael Angelo and of Raphael are in no wise impaired by the ridiculous imitations of sign-board painters, so the press should lose nothing of its value on account of the follies and excesses wherein it has been rendered an accomplice. Let us never confound abuse with use; if it were necessary to destroy the latter to restrain the former, but little would remain to us on the face of the earth. What is it that man does not abuse? He abuses his intellect, his will, all the faculties of his soul, his senses, his body, his fortune, his reputation, his relations with other men, all in fact, that is under his control. There is no evil to which the abuse of good may not lead: to bury a sword in an innocent heart is to abuse the instrument and the hand, it is to turn from their objects two valuable agents which heaven has allowed us to provide for our happiness.

Upon close observation we find that the press is but speech in a new form, it is a voice which is distinguished from the common voice in this, that it sounds abroad, that it is heard by a larger audience, that it rings through the world with increased force and rapidity, and that, in fine, it is perpetuated by an indelible stamp. It is an improvement on the organ we have from nature; it makes up for its weakness, its limitation and the narrow range of its feeble accents; it resembles writing in this respect, and all the other signs which have been appropriated by man to multiply and preserve speech; the press is nothing else than the most perfect of these signs, a perfected manner of writing and even of speaking. Printing is to writing what daguerreotype is to design, that which all modern inventions are

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whose object is to transfer at once to the canvass, paper or metal, an image that the hand of the artist can trace but slowly and by degrees.

These observations reduce to their value the declamations heard every day, for or against the press. It is a fact, as all other facts which exist in the world; it is a good, the abuse of which necessarily constitutes an evil. If it is to be condemned for this, we must also condemn painting, sculpture, poetry, music; we must condemn all sciences and all arts, all the physical and moral faculties of man, all that there is most respectable, most holy, most august upon earth, because, unfortunately, man abuses all. People speak of improprieties; but where are they not? The evils caused by this institution are deplored, but what is there that directly or indirectly does not always involve a great number, were it only from the manner of our making use of it? The language of which the press is the auxiliary, produces doubtless good effects, but how should it not produce evil also, and who can estimate the extent and greatness? Can any one forget what wisdom and experience have taught us, concerning the good and evil which the tongue is capable of, according to the use we make of it?

There are some who speak of this *leprosy of modern society*, of this *destructive element*; expressions of this kind are not wanting among detractors of the press. We recognize fully the evils caused to society by this terrible instrument of thought, by this formidable agent, organ of the intellect, image of its immense activity, of its expansive force, of its marvelous rapidity; but we cannot forget the happy results it has yielded to the sciences, the arts, to society, and to religion itself. We admire, as a favor from heaven, the sublime inspiration from whence so many benefits have sprung; and we concur with the great Pope Leo X, who in the Council of Lateran, held in 1515, at a time when he was engaged in arresting and in healing the evils already caused by the press, did not the less accord the highest eulogies to this grand discovery, which he considered as one of the providential events of his times. *Ars imprimendi libros temporibus potentissimum nostris, divino favente numine, inventa, seu aucta et perpalita, plurima mortalibus attulerit commoda*, etc. It is to be observed, that at this epoch, and before the appearance even of Protestantism, and when printing had as yet but recently left its cradle, this art had already served to such grave excesses that the pontifical authority had to be exercised against its fatal tendencies. There were published in various places *books written in Latin, or in the vulgar idioms, translations from the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldean, works which involved doctrines pernicious and contrary to religion; and what is yet more remarkable, persons invested with the highest dignities were attacked by the same means, whence great errors of faith resulted, great relaxation of morals, and consequently grave scandals, which appeared to portend others yet more grave for the future.* It was feared already that a *salutary invention destined for the glory of God, the confirming of the faith and the propagation of all virtues, should serve on the contrary for the spiritual ruin of Christians, in causing thorns to spring up with the good seed, in mingling poison with remedy.* It is impossible to appreciate with more prudence and truth the good and bad effects of the press; no one can distinguish with more moderation and discernment between use and abuse, nor better recognize in the discovery itself a signal benefit of Providence, in spite of the dangerous application which may be made of it by the malice of men.

We reproduce with pleasure the grave sentences of Leo X; it may be seen from them that the question of the press is already quite ancient, and all that legislators and publicists have since said that is most serious and most true, is to

be found clearly indicated in the words of this illustrious pontiff; we may equally recognize therein the foresight and sagacity which characterize the course of Roman authority in affairs of this kind. Certainly it is interesting and curious to see the very men now struggling against the assumptions of the press, who formerly regarded as attempts upon human liberty the measures taken by the popes to restrain the abuse of this dangerous arm, to keep it within its true limits, and to protect against its blows the integrity of the faith, purity of morals, and the honor of persons in authority. From this epoch already, the evil was great and the danger still greater; and the chair of Peter, faithful depository of the truth, incorruptible guardian of the most sacred interests of nations, pointed out the inconveniences and the dangers that an invention so glorious in itself might bring upon future ages.

The influence of the press has extended over all branches of human learning, it has acted in extremes the most remote from each other, there is no point which has not felt its irresistible power. Religion, society, politics, science, literature and the fine arts have all experienced the effects of this wonderful invention; it has every where acquired titles to gratitude, and every where it has left subjects of recrimination and complaint. But from the very fact that the new agent was of universal application, it followed that we might always expect to find evil along with the good. The same sun that enlightens, fertilizes, and embellishes the earth, sometimes burns up our fields, poisons the marshes, and lets loose the pestilential vapors which scatter broadcast desolation and death.

If religion has many evils to deplore, it has new triumphs to engrave upon its annals; if it is true that the press has greatly favored the diffusion of error, it is not the less true that with its aid, religious knowledge has elevated itself to an extent that could scarcely have been reached without this discovery. The press has doubtless contributed to prepare our epoch for scepticism and incredulity; but the very contradictions which have sprung up against the Catholic faith, have shown more and more the solidity of its foundations, and have placed at its service a treasure of learning and science, which probably it would never have possessed but for this powerful vehicle of human thought. Take away this marvelous instrument, and tell us how it would be possible that we could have had so many editions of sacred books, in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Greek, to say nothing of other languages? Would the learned have at hand these rich collections, which all contribute to manifest the truth of Christianity, its venerable antiquity, and all the other titles upon which its divine authority reposes? Would we possess these innumerable paraphrases, these magnificent expositions, these luminous commentaries, and so many other labors upon the sacred text made by the fathers and the doctors of the Church? Could these treasures of ecclesiastical science have been thus laid open, or even preserved, without the aid of printing? What shall we say of the editions of the Councils, of the works of the holy fathers, of the pontifical decisions, of the writings of theologians and canonists, of all those grand apologies which have made the truths of religion so luminous, by the light of universal traditions, of criticism, of history, chronology, philosophy, the natural and exact sciences; of those apologies which with the same end, have searched the immensity of the heavens and the bowels of the earth, sounded the mysteries of metaphysics, and the night of past ages, which have, so to speak, evoked ancient peoples with their legislators, their sages, their priests, and sometimes in seizing the truth, at other times in repelling error, have made of all these fragments of the past, a magnificent pedestal for the religion of Christ, an impreg-

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nable bulwark against the rage of its enemies! Let us remember that if the press has been a terrible and destructive arm in the hands of the genius of evil, it has also been in the hands of Providence an instrument of inestimable good. No one can, it is true, calculate the extent of evil effected by bad books; but who, on the other hand, can estimate the good accomplished by good books? Doubtless the works of Luther, of Calvin, of Melancthon, of Theodore Beza, of Æcolampadius, of Jurieu, are spread far and wide, but have we not seen spread in like manner the works of the ancient fathers, those of St. Thomas Aquinas, of Melchior Canus, of Bellarmine, of Suarez, of F. Petau, of Natal. Alexander, of Bossuet, and of so many other great geniuses, who do immortal honor to the human mind, and who were such glorious champions of the truth. In times nearer our own, the editions of the works of Voltaire and of the philosophers of his school, are indeed vastly multiplied; but they are far from equalling the number of editions obtained by the Christian apologies. Voltaire undertook to exhibit Christianity as vile, ridiculous, inimicable to science and the fine arts, as incompatible with all human progress; Chateaubriand engaged nobly to show the contrary; he revealed the profound harmonies of religion with all that is great, sublime, beautiful, generous and tender. Now, we demand, which works are better known, those of the philosopher of Ferney, or those of the author of the *Genius of Christianity*? Which, in an equal time, have been translated into a greater number of languages, or have had more copies published? The booksellers know very well, as also do the majority of readers. Enter the study of a man of learning, or even in that of a man of moderate information; run over the shelves of his library; Voltaire is often absent, Chateaubriand rarely or never.

Those who have said that printing was the death blow to superstition and fanaticism, that is to say, in their sense, to the cause of religion, have shown that they were little acquainted with the history of science and of letters since the discovery of Guttemberg. Many enemies of Christianity having passed their lives in a limited circle of men and of books, appear to imagine that the world is limited to the circle in which they have lived; they show, at times, such thorough ignorance of all that has taken place out of their narrow sphere, that they are subjects for the indulgence naturally yielded to men of a limited range of knowledge and of contracted views.

Speak to these unbelievers of this or that illustrious defender of religion, speak to them of the works undertaken for the glory of Christianity; they comprehend not what you say, or they are even astonished that there should yet be men sufficiently ignorant to sustain a cause that they considered lost forever. They know the name of Bossuet, but probably have never opened his pages; they remember to have heard him called the immortal bishop of Meaux, to have heard of his school, to have seen his writings mentioned in the world of letters, and his name inscribed among those of the greatest orators. Pronounce before them the name of Bellarmine, probably they hear for the first time of the learned cardinal; or, if perhaps their ignorance is not so great, they have heard of him, but only in some relation to the temporal power of the popes. If you recall the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, you will immediately observe that they only find in them at best materials for the quibbling of the schools. If you cite the text of one of the fathers, they acknowledge nothing therein but old views respectable only for their antiquity. Persuaded as they are that Catholics live in a very contracted space, breathing only the air of seminaries and cloisters, they cannot conceive that among them are enlightened men, who sustain, or appear willing to sustain, doctrines fallen into oblivion.

In the eyes of these men, whose eyes are shaded indeed by the band of impiety, and whose blindness excites rather pity than indignation, printing was the death of Catholicity; it is so still, it will be in the future a perpetual seal upon its tombstone. Far from sharing in these sinister bodings, we have the firm conviction that this same discovery will be one of the most powerful means that God will make use of to make religion triumphant, and to enable it to reconquer the ground it has lost. Just as Providence has willed that printing should serve admirably to elucidate the most profound questions, to resolve the greatest difficulties raised with so much confidence by the enemies of religion, even so will it decree in the future, among the numerous books of every kind, that printing will scatter over the world, that those intended for the defence of truth, shall prevail over the others both in numbers and in attraction. Since it is not permitted, according to the ordinary course of things, to prevent the poison from circulating in society, we may trust that the antidote will be poured out at least in equal abundance, by the diffusion of sound doctrines, the true aliment of the mind. No, we fear not this prodigious movement which reigns in modern society, and of which the press is one of the principal levers; nor do we tremble in seeing human strength replaced by the power of steam, and this latter agent, guided by an admirable mechanism, imitating the rapidity of thought in the reproduction and multiplication of its most sudden inspirations. These instruments, created by human genius, reproduce with this marvelous rapidity all the divine teachings, preserve the primitive traditions, consign in immortal monuments the discoveries of history and philosophy, the result of which is always to the glory of religious truth, multiply indefinitely those precious books whence infancy and youth imbibe the true principles of the law, the pure morality of Jesus Christ, bring to light incessantly varied writings by thousands, which, under so many forms, such varied aspects, styles so different, in all languages, announce, like the heavens, the glory of the Creator, and publish, like the firmament, the works of his hands.

It is unworthy of Catholic minds to tremble at the sight of a movement so magnificent, or to fear the consequences of such astonishing progress. We know that the Catholic Church must subsist to the end of ages, that the gates of hell will never prevail against her; we have this promise upon a word which never fails, and which the facts must successively verify with a fidelity unwavering and invariable; we cannot doubt, for a single instant, but that the divine author of this promise will hold prepared the remedies necessary for evils that new circumstances may bring forth; we have nothing to fear, then, from any dangers, however formidable they may appear to our own feeble powers.

When the founder of Christianity sent his apostles to preach the gospel throughout the world, he was not ignorant of the revolutions and changes of which the world was to be the theatre. The course of ages was unfolded before his eyes; he saw, as if present, all the events of the future; he saw the moment then when, from the fountain head at Guttenberg, this sublime invention was to burst forth, the profound change it would effect in the world, the irresistible impulse given by it to ideas, and the abuse it would give rise to, on account of the levity, the weakness, and the pride of the human mind; he saw the dangers to which the faith would be exposed, the shipwreck of it with many souls, the losses brought upon religion, the moral ruins of which this discovery was to be the subject; he saw all this, and nevertheless he said—Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Let us acknowledge then, with a profound sense of admiration and gratitude, the

care he has taken to realize his promises, and to save the mysterious bark against winds and rocks down to our day; and as to what regards the future, let us still leave to Omnipotence the care of perpetuating his work. May he not say to us, as formerly to Job: Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth, when I set limits to the sea, when I unfolded the heavens and the morning stars praised me together, when, in short, in the immensity of space, these torrents of light, sprung from nothing, spread out at the sound of my voice.

The Catholic religion has no need to envelop itself in darkness to preserve the legitimate ascendancy it derives from its heavenly origin; it has never eluded discussion, but always invited it, by all means in its power. Long before printing was invented innumerable volumes had been written on all the points of religion and the truths upon which it rests; but it must be admitted that without this discovery the writings of the ancients could never have found the astonishing publicity they now enjoy; it would have been equally impossible to multiply, as has been done in these latter times, the works of ecclesiastical history, of controversy, of theology, of criticism, of philosophy, of natural history, and of the exact sciences, which form this marvelous assemblage of learning and genius, the works of so many admirable writers, from which radiates a light so strong and pure that every reasonable man must see that the Catholic religion alone can be true.

To be continued.

"Sursum Corda."

Bending o'er a marble stone,
 These the words that caught my eye;
 Telling of a spirit flown,
 To a home beyond the sky.
 Replete with hope and holy love,
 Seemed these sacred words to me:
 Bidding the mourners look above
 For sorrow's balm and sympathy.
 A sculptured rose, but scarce full blown,
 Bespoke the youth and loveliness
 Of her who slept beneath that stone,
 The quiet sleep of holiness.
 A fragile bud was pictured there,
 Just severed from the parent flower;
 It seemed too delicately fair
 To bloom beyond the Heavenly bower!
 A marble cross told of the trust,
 With which the Christian mourners gave
 Their loved one to the silent dust,
 Their idol to the lonely grave.
 But neither bud, nor cross, nor flower,
 Were half so full of faith and love,
 As those few words of magic power,
 Which bade the mourners look above.
 "SURSUM CORDA," these the words
 I'd have engraven o'er my head,
 When sweetly sing the summer birds
 A requiem for the Christian dead.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem.—His Parables.—He refutes the Scribes and the Sadducees.—Foretells the Destruction of Jerusalem.—The Last Supper.—The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE Pasch was now beginning, and our Lord sent two of his disciples to procure an ass and her foal, on which, according to prophecy, he was to enter the holy city as king: as such, save the Pharisees, all hailed him: the air resounded with their cries: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" "Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh!" "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory on high!" "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel!" Thus recognized as king he



Our Lord Entering the Temple.

entered the temple amid the joyous crowd, all waving aloft their branches of palm, and showed his power by driving out the traffickers in the temple, declaring it his house, thus proclaiming himself both God and king. To confirm his words he wrought miracles, curing the lame and blind. The priests and Pharisees however murmured still, but Jesus told them that if the people remained silent the very stones would cry out.*

"But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest."†

* John xii, 13. Matthew xxi, 15. Mark xi, 1-11.

† Keble.

The Eternal Father too would proclaim the royalty and divinity of his Son; to whom in the Psalms he had said: "I will give thee the Gentiles as an inheritance." Gentiles sought him, but Jesus who had wept over the fall of Jerusalem before he entered it in triumph, now was troubled in soul at the sight of his coming passion, ever distinctly but now vividly present to his mind, and pressing down upon him. "My soul is troubled," he cried, "but shall I say, Father! save me from this hour! no: for this I came into the world. Father glorify thy name!" At these words a voice as of thunder resounded: "I have glorified it, and I will glorify it again." The crowd wondered in amazement at this new prodigy, but the hearts of the priests and Pharisees were deaf to this as to every other proof. "We have Moses and the Prophets," they cried, disowning Christ, as many with the same cry disown his Church.*

Towards evening he retired again to Bethania, and on the next morning returning, cursed the barren fig-tree, to show God's rejection of the now barren synagogue. The next day in the temple the chief priests gathered around him to demand his authority for his actions, but he reduced them to silence by asking whether John's baptism was of God. He then continued his instructions, more clearly revealing his own death and the destruction of their city, a just punishment of the crime, by which they sought to avert it. This he did plainly in the parable of the tenants who rose against the messengers of their lord, and even cast



The Pharisees showing the Coin of the Tribute.

the son of their lord out of the vineyard and slew him; on which the lord came with power and destroyed them all. Full well they knew that they were meant, those haughty Scribes and Pharisees, and crying, "God forbid," they sought to seize, but durst not. Then they bethought them of entrapping him into what might be construed into treason.† Spies from their body with modest face and

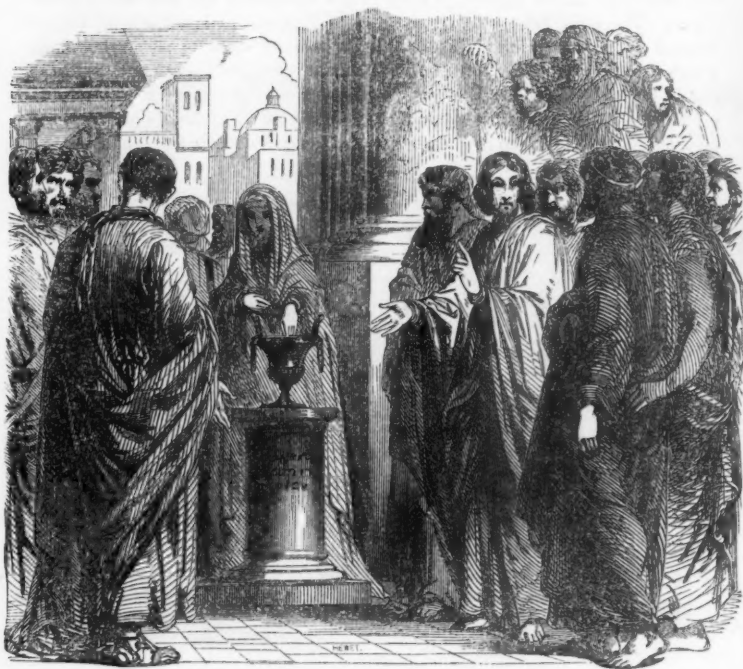
* John xii, 28.

† Luke xx, 9-19.

mien came and asked Jesus: "Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Cæsar or no?" for they hoped to make him unpopular if he affirmed, and a seditious man if he denied it: but he readily baffled their wiles. "Shew me a coin," he cried, and when they handed him one, he looked at it and asked, "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's," they answered. "Render then," exclaimed our Lord, "render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's,"*

The Sadducees too, the disbelievers in the resurrection of the dead, and indeed in the immortality of the soul, forgetting their hatred of the Pharisees, assailed Jesus, but by a single text he shewed them that God considered "the dead as still existing," and reducing them to silence, won the applause even of the Scribes.

While declaiming against the vanity of the Scribes, he saw a poor widow cast a mite, a small coin, into the temple treasury. It was an act unnoticed by men,



The poor Widow casting in her mite.

but our Lord who knoweth all, turned to his disciples and said: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast in to the treasury: for they all did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living."† In the evening Jesus left the temple, and as his disciples expressed their admiration of its beauties and the wealth lavished upon

* Matthew xxii, 17. Luke xx, 20.

† Mark xii, 42.

it, our divine Saviour again announced its destruction, and as they proceeded to Mount Olivet, predicted clearly the terrors of the siege of Jerusalem, a figure of the end of the world. Again and again he inculcated to them by parables the necessity of watching and prayer.

The priests had now resolved to put him to death, and Judas, for a paltry bribe, had agreed to betray his Lord and God into the hands of his enemies. Conscious that on that very evening his passion would begin, Jesus sent Peter and John to prepare a room where he might with his disciples celebrate the Pasch. When evening drew nigh, he himself, with the ten, proceeded to the spot soon to become by his institution the first temple of the new law, the shrine of his worship.



The Last Supper.

Reclining with his twelve apostles, he eat the Paschal Lamb with all the ceremonies prescribed by the law, thus closing that ordinance instituted by Moses at his command. For he was the true Lamb of God, of which men had hitherto partaken only in figure, but were now to partake in reality.

“On this table of the King,
Our new Paschal offering,
Brings to end the olden rite;
Here for empty shadows fled
Is reality instead,
Here instead of darkness, Light.”



CHARITY.

HOPE AND CHARITY.

Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.

HOPE, the second theological virtue, is almost as powerful as faith. Desire is the parent of power; whoever strongly desires is sure to obtain. "Seek," says Jesus Christ, "and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." In the same sense Pythagoras observed that "Power dwelleth with necessity;" for necessity implies privation, and privation is accompanied with desire. Desire or hope is genius. It possesses that energy which produces, and that thirst which is never appeased. Is a man disappointed in his plans? it is because he did not

desire with ardor; because he was not animated with that love which sooner or later grasps the object to which it aspires; that love which in the Deity embraces all things and enjoys all, by means of a boundless hope, ever gratified and ever reviving.

There is, however, an essential difference between faith and hope considered as a power. Faith has its focus out of ourselves; it arises from an external object. Hope, on the contrary, springs up within us, and operates externally. The former is instilled into us, the latter is produced by our own desire; the former is obedience, the latter is love. But as faith more readily produces the other virtues, as it flows immediately from God, and is therefore superior to hope, which is only a part of man, the Church necessarily assigned to it the highest rank.

The peculiar characteristic of hope is that which places it in relation with our sorrows. That religion which made a virtue of hope was most assuredly revealed by heaven. This nurse of the unfortunate, taking her station by man like a mother beside her suffering child, rocks him in her arms, presses him to her bosom, and refreshes him with a beverage which soothes all his woes. She watches by his solitary pillow; she lulls him to sleep with her magic strains. Is it not surprising to see hope, which is so delightful a companion and seems to be a natural emotion of the soul, transformed for the Christian into a virtue which is an essential part of his duty? Let him do what he will, he is obliged to drink copiously from this enchanted cup, at which thousands of poor creatures would esteem themselves happy to moisten their lips for a single moment. Nay, more (and this is the most marvelous circumstance of all), he will be *rewarded for having hoped*, or, in other words, *for having made himself happy*. The Christian, whose life is a continual warfare, is treated by religion in his defeat like those vanquished generals whom the Roman senate received in triumph for this reason alone, that they had not despaired of the final safety of the commonwealth. But if the ancients ascribed something marvelous to the man who never despaired, what would they have thought of the Christian, who in his astonishing language, talks not of entertaining hope, but of practising it.

What shall we now say of that charity which is the daughter of Jesus Christ? The proper signification of charity is grace and joy. Religion, aiming at the reformation of the human heart, and wishing to make its affections and feelings subservient to virtue, has invented a *new passion*. In order to express it, she has not employed the word love, which is too common; or the word friendship, which ceases at the tomb; or the word pity, which is too much akin to pride; but she has found the term *caritas*, CHARITY, which embraces all the three, and which at the same time is allied to something celestial. By means of this, she purifies our inclinations and directs them towards the Creator; by this she inculcates that admirable truth, that men ought to love each other in God, who will thus spiritualize their love, divesting it of all earthly alloy and leaving it in its immortal purity. By this she inculcates the stupendous truth that mortals ought to love each other, if I may so express myself, through God, who spiritualizes their love, and separates from it whatever belongs not to its immortal essence.

But if charity is a Christian virtue, an immediate emanation from the Almighty and his Word, it is also in close alliance with nature. It is in this continual harmony between heaven and earth, between God and man, that we discover the character of true religion. The moral and political institutions of antiquity are often in contradiction to the sentiments of the human soul. Christianity on the contrary, ever in unison with the heart, enjoins not solitary and abstract virtues, but such as are derived from our wants and are useful to mankind. It has placed charity as an abundant fountain in the desert of life. "Charity," says the apostle, "is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE reader will recollect that when Kate Petersham parted with Mary Lee at the light-house steps, the latter looked somewhat alarmed at the serious tone in which her light-hearted friend begged her to remember Randall Barry that night in her prayers. She made an effort in fact to detain Kate for an explanation, but Kate eluded her grasp and bounded down the steps the moment she uttered the words, with the fleetness and agility of a fairy.

On her return to the sick room the agitated girl found Else seated on a low stool beside the little cabin-boy's bed, knitting her stocking.

"What ails ye, dear?" said the latter, with a tenderness of look and tone she seldom betrayed even to her favorite. "What ails ye, Mary? yer so pale."

"Pale! am I pale?"

"Yer as pale as a ghost—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. But come into my room here—I have something to ask you. We mustn't disturb our little patient, you know. How is he, Else?"

"Better."

"Your sure?"

"Sure as can be, dear—he's recoverin fast. He got the 'coal' (crisis) this mornin, an his pult's greater now."

"Thank God," exclaimed the grateful girl, with all the fervor of her pure loving heart. "O, I knew well the Blessed Virgin would'n't forget him. Her prayers have saved him. Poor fellow, he'll see home and friends once more. Won't he, Else?"

"Hope so."

"But Else!"

"What?"

"You have a secret for me."

"A secret!"

"Yes; I saw it in Miss Petersham's face, and I see it now in yours. You needn't try to keep it from me, Else. Randall Barry's taken."

"Randall Barry—what in the world pit that in your head?" said Else, evasively.

"Oh Else, Else," sobbed the simple hearted girl, dropping on her knees, and hiding her face in her old nurse's lap, "I know well he's taken."

* Copy-right secured according to Law.

"Whisht, don't cry, asthore," said Else, smoothing down the disheveled tresses of her lovely protegee with her hard bony fingers, whilst the muscles of her own face twitched with emotion—"whisht now, don't cry, dear."

"I can't help it, Else—don't blame me."

"I don't blame ye, *asthore*; why shud I blame ye? yer a woman, sure, and only showin a woman's wakeness."

"O had I only taken my dear uncle's advice, and told him not to come again, this had never happened."

"And did'nt ye tell him a hundred times?"

"Yes; but Else, dear, he knew it was'nt from my heart," replied Mary, with all the simplicity of a child. "I told him often and often, how my uncle loved me, and how it would break his heart to leave him—and how little I knew of the world, and how poor a companion I would be for one like him—I told him all this many and many a time, Else, and begged him to return home to the South, and wait for better and happier days—but he knew my heart was'nt in my words. Oh he knew it Else, as well as I knew it myself."

"God love yer innocent heart," exclaimed Else, while her old eyes filled with tears, "God love ye dear, yer too good for this world."

"Had I only prayed fervently to God for strength," continued Mary, "I might have overcome my weakness. But alas, Else, I'm so selfish I was thinking only of his love for me, all the time, when I should have thought of nothing but his safety. And he's a prisoner on my account, with shackles on his limbs, and the doom of the rebel before him. Oh if I had only parted with him forever the last time he clambered up these rocks to see me—"

"And if ye had," said Else, "ye'd have nothin for it. Ye were both intended for one another, and for that reason ye niver cud part him. So rise up now, and don't cry, all 'll be well yit."

"O Randall Barry, Randall Barry! so brave—so faithful—so true to his country and to me," murmured Mary. "Else, Else, could I see him free once more, were it only for an instant, I would bid him farewell forever, should my heart break in the parting."

There was a sense of desolation in the words or the tones of Mary's voice that touched the old woman deeply, for she stooped and kissed the afflicted girl's cheek several times as she gave vent to her anguish. But when she spoke of her heart breaking, the very idea seemed to recall back again into life the better and holier feelings of her nature, and unable to control the emotion that agitated her soul, she flung her arms around the neck of her foster child and wept over her like a mother.

"Oh God forbid! God forbid! *asthore mochrée*," she cried, "God forbid, yer heart'd break. Darlin! darlin! why shud it ever brake, for it's little this world can spare a heart lake yours. Oh angel! ye don't know what yer heart is, or what yer pure inneckt soul is worth to a sinful earth lake this. It's little ye know dear, what ye are. Modest wee crather, yer as simple and bashful as the dazy that grows undher the green fern by the mountain strame; no one sees ye, no one knows ye, no one thinks of ye down here in the black binns of Araheera—but I know ye, *asthore*, I know what yer heart is; och, och, it's I that diz, ivery pulse of it. And why wud'nt I, Mary darlin; wus'nt it these withered hands tore ye from yer dead mother's arms, here among the rocks; wus'nt it me nursed ye on ould Nannie's milk, and rocked ye in yer cradle up there in my poor cabin on the Cairn. I know what the valie of yer heart is, *alanna*. An to spake of it brakin

for Randall Barry, or sufferin one minit's pain—niver, niver," she exclaimed, suddenly rising, "niver, Mary, while I'm livin an able to prevent it."

The change in Else's look and tone was quick as thought. In a moment her heart had softened under the mesmeric touch of the angelic being she embraced. But it was only for a moment. Again the dark shadow came rushing back upon her soul, and again the relaxed muscles of her face resumed their usual hard and stern expression.

"Let me pass, girl," she said; "I have work to do; let me pass."

"What work?" inquired Mary, looking up in her face.

"No matter—let me pass."

"Else, your countenance terrifies me. Oh I know that dark, awful temptation is upon you again."

"Away, child; take your hands off my cloak—I must be gone."

"What's your purpose, Else?"

"Purpose! I niver had but one purpose for thirty years," replied Else, in hollow tones, "and the time is come now to execute it."

"You shant leave *me*," said Mary, still kneeling, "you shant leave *me*, Else, till you promise to do no harm to Robert Hardwinkle or his family."

The old woman folded her arms on her brown half-naked breast, and looked down on the face of her foster-child.

"Mary Lee," she said, her voice husky with the passion she strove in vain to conceal, "Mary Lee, yer tears baulked me of my vengeance twict before—take care they don't a third time, for I swear by —"

"Hush! hush! Else," interrupted her fair protegee, holding up the golden crucifix that hung suspended from her neck, and laying her forefinger on the lips of the figure. "Hush! these lips never spoke but to bless."

"Take it away, girl; take it away," exclaimed Else, averting her eyes from the image as if she feared to look upon it lest her courage should fail, "take it away, and listen to me. I'm bound by a vow made at the siege of Madeira, by the side of my dead husban, niver to forget what Lieutenant Richard Barry did for me that day. Randall Barry is that man's grandson, and he lies a prisiner in Taurny Barracks through the threachery of Robert Hardwinkle. The time is now come to fulfil my promise, and I'll do it; I'll save Randall Barry, should I lose body and soul in the attempt."

"Else, Else! this is impious," said Mary, "remember there's a God in heaven above you."

"Paugh!" ejaculated the old woman, "I knew no God these thirty years;" and as she spoke she wrested Mary's hands from her cloak, and caught the handle of the door, "let the villain luck to himself now," she cried, "let him and them that brought my only sister to shame an an early grave, that driv my brother from his father's hearthstone to die among the strangers, that hunted myself like the brock through the craggs iv Benraven—hah—let them luck to themselves now, for as heaven's above me, if Randall Barry's not a freeman in four and twenty hours, their roof tree smokes for it. Ay—my own ould bones and theirs 'll burn in the same blaze."

"Else, stop for a moment."

"Away, girl."

"Else, Else," entreated Mary, again attempting to detain her. "Would you commit murder—deliberate murder?"

"Murder! is it murder to burn a nest of vipers?"

"Else, think for a moment. You have an immortal soul to be saved."

"Me! I have no soul. I lost it thirty years ago—let me pass."

"Listen to me."

"No, no, no; I have listened to you too long—away!"

"Grant me but one favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask—for I fear, Else, we must soon fly from this place, and then I can never hope to see you more. Grant me but one favor."

"What's that—marcy to the Hardwrinkles?"

"No, dear Else, but mercy to yourself—to your own soul, dearer to me than the wealth of worlds. Here," she continued, throwing her rosary over Else's neck, "tell these beads to-night before you sleep, and as you pray, fix your eyes on the crucifix."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed Else, her face flushed with passion, while the hood of her cloak falling back on her shoulders and revealing her gray elf locks, gave her the look of a sybil under the frenzy of inspiration. "Stop!" she ejaculated, repulsing the pious and affectionate girl—"stop! I can't touch this blessed thing. Eh, what?" she added, as the rosary met her averted eyes, "what's this?"

"The image of Christ," responded Mary, "whose life was one continuous act of love. Look at those arms extended to bless and forgive the whole world, and tell me can you behold the image of that dying Saviour, and yet feel so hard-hearted as to take the life of your fellow creature?"

"Whisht, girl, whisht," said Else, sinking back on a chair, as if her emotions had overpowered her, "I know all that; but whose rosary is this?"

"Father John's—he lent it to me when I lost my mother's."

"Good God!" exclaimed the old woman, covering her face with her hands, "this rosary was once mine."

"Yours!"

"Ay, ay, I remember it well—I brought it with me from the West Indees, and giv it to ould priest Gallaher of Gortnaglen, Father John's uncle. Augh, hoch, it lucks ould and worn now like myself."

"I wish it had grown old and worn in your own hands, Else, dear," said Mary, sitting beside her, and pushing back the gray hairs from her wrinkled forehead. "I wish it had, Else, for then your long life had been better and happier."

"May be so."

"How consoling to reflect, in your old days, you had served God faithfully."

"It's useless to think of that now, Mary—I'm lost."

"Lost! oh, God forbid. Only forgive your enemies, and God will forgive you. Think how he forgave the Jews who put him to death: think how he forgave Magdalen and the penitent thief."

"Child," said Else, with a smile that made Mary shudder, it expressed so plainly the depth of her despair; "child, you speak only of sinners, but I'm a devil."

"No, no, don't smile and speak to me so, you are not—you are not," cried Mary, clinging to her old nurse's neck, "you never could love as you loved me and be so wicked. Oh never speak those awful words again, Else, they terrify me. No, no, you are not so wicked. You are not lost, the friend of the poor orphan can never be lost."

As Mary was yet speaking, a knock came, and Rodger O'Shaughnessy presented himself at the door. He had been engaged, it would seem, burnishing up the old silver salver, for he held the precious relic under his arm, and had pushed the shamois leather, with which he had been rubbing it, into the breast pocket of his old bottle green coat.

"What now, Rodger?" inquired Mary, "has Mr. Lee returned?"

"Not yet, plaze your ladyship," replied Rodger, bowing respectfully. "Oh, it's only Else Curley," he added, correcting himself; "I thought you had company. No he's not come back yet, and I wish he was, for there's strangers coming down the road here to the light-house, and not as much as a bit or a sup in the house fit to offer them. I wish to goodness they'd stay at home."

"Never mind, Rodger, receive them at the door, and shew them into the parlor."

"Indeed then I wont," replied Rodger; "they'll have to find the way themselves; and if they're any of the master's acquaintances you know, they'll not expect any thing, 'hem! if you only hint, ahem! that the butler's not at home."

"Very well, Rodger, do as you please."

"And now," said Mary, turning to Else, "you promise to tell these beads to-night under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. Do you promise?"

"Ay, I'll say them to plaze ye," replied Else, "but it's of little valie they'll be, for I hav'nt bent a knee to God since afore you were born."

"No matter," said Mary, "God is merciful. He has converted worse hearts than yours. Say your prayers to-night, Else, and who knows but the old rosary, once so familiar to your touch, with God's good grace, may awaken those better and nobler feelings which so long have lain dormant in your heart."

"God be with ye, Mary," said Else, tenderly kissing the forehead of the gentle girl. "God be with you, *asthore*. I tould ye my intintin, that ye'd know, what happened me, if the worst comes to the worst."

"I have no fear of that, dear nurse; there's still a bright spot in your soul which will redeem it from the sins that cloud it, were they as numerous as the sands of Araheera. Go now and remember your promise."

"Ay, ay, I'll remember it. Bad as I am, Mary, I niver broke my promise yet;" and so saying the old solitary of Benraven wrapped her gray cloak about her shoulders and passed from the room.

Mary, after paying a visit to the little cabin boy, and finding him still asleep, but apparently much easier, approached a window that looked out upon the iron bridge and the narrow road leading from it to the village of Araheera. She expected to see the strangers whom Rodger had announced coming down the hill, but they had already passed the gate and entered the light-house yard. Else Curley's tall form was the only object she could see hurrying back to the Cairn accompanied by Nannie, who had waited for her as usual outside the gate, and now went bleating and trotting after her.

To be continued.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.—We abridge the following account of the last moments and execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI, from Allison's excellent History of Europe. His last interview with his family presented the most heart-rending scene. At half-past eight the door of his apartment opened and the Queen appeared, leading by the hand the Princess Royal and the Princess Elizabeth; they all rushed into the arms of the King. A profound silence ensued for some minutes, broken only by sobs of the afflicted family. The King took a seat, the Queen on his left, the Princess Royal on his right, Madame Elizabeth in front, and the young Dauphin between his knees. This terrible scene lasted nearly two hours; the tears and lamentations of the royal family frequently interrupting the words of the King, sufficiently evinced that he himself was communicating the intelligence of his condemnation. At length, at a quarter past ten Louis arose; the royal parents gave each of them their blessing to the Dauphin, while the Princess still held the King embraced around the waist. As he approached the door, they uttered the most piercing shrieks: "I assure you," said he, "I will see you again in the morning at eight o'clock." "Why not at seven?" they all exclaim. "Well then, at seven," answered the King. "Adieu, adieu!" These words were pronounced with so mournful an accent that the lamentations of the family were redoubled, and the Princess Royal fainted at his feet. At length, wishing to put an end to so trying a scene, the King embraced them all in the tenderest manner, and tore himself from their arms.

The remainder of the evening he spent with his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, who, with heroic devotion, discharged the perilous duty of attending the last moments of his sovereign. At twelve he went to bed and slept peaceably till five. He then gave his last instruction to Clery, and put into his hands the little property that still remained in his hands, a ring, a seal, and a lock of hair. "Give this ring," said he, "to the Queen, and tell her with what regret I leave her; give her also the locket containing the hair of my children; give this seal to the Dauphin; and tell them all what I suffer at dying without receiving their last embrace; but I wish to spare them the pain of so cruel a separation." He then received the holy sacrament from the hands of his confessor from a small altar erected in his chamber, and heard the last service of the dying at the time when the rolling of the drums and the agitation in the streets announced the preparation for his execution.

At nine o'clock Santerre presented himself in the temple. "You come to seek me," said the King: "Allow me a minute." He went into his closet, and immediately returned with his testament in his hand. "I pray you," said he, "give this packet to the Queen, my wife." "That is no concern of mine," replied the representative of the municipality. "I am here only to conduct you to the scaffold." The King then asked another member of commune to take charge of the document, and said to Santerre: "Let us be off." In passing through the court of the temple Louis cast a last look at the tower which contained all that was most dear to him on earth: and immediately summoning courage, seated himself calmly in the carriage beside his confessor, with two gendarmes on the opposite side. During the passage to the place of execution, which occupied two hours, he never ceased reciting the psalms which were pointed out to him by the venerable priest. Even the soldiers were astonished at his composure. The streets were filled with an immense crowd who beheld in silent dismay the mournful procession: a large body of troops surrounded the carriage; a double file of the National Guard and a formidable array of cannon rendered hopeless any attempts at rescue. When the procession arrived at the place of execution, between the gardens

of the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées, he descended from the carriage and undressed himself without the aid of the executioners, but testified a momentary look of indignation when they began to bind his hands. M. Edgeworth exclaimed with almost inspired felicity: "Submit to this outrage as the last resemblance to the Saviour, who is about to recompense your sufferings."

At these words he resigned himself, and walked to the foot of the scaffold. Here he received that sublime benediction from his confessor: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" He no sooner mounted, than advancing with a firm step to the front of the scaffold, with one look he imposed silence on twenty drummers, placed there to prevent him from being heard, and said with a loud voice: "I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge: I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may not fall upon France. And you, my people —" At these words Santerre ordered the drums to beat; the executioners seized the King, and the descending axe terminated his existence. One of the assistants seized the head and waived it in the air; the blood fell on the heroic confessor, who was on his knees by the lifeless body of his sovereign.

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.—This mysterious individual, whose name is proverbial in all countries, is thus spoken of in *Notes and Queries*: Of the many myths which diverge from every little incident of our Saviour's life, the legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, is certainly the most striking and widely distributed. According to the old ballad in Percy's *Collection*:—

He hath passed through many a foreign place:
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Greece, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria.

In all the nations of the Seven Champions he is found in some shape or other, and it is amusing to note the way in which the story adapts itself to the exigences of time and place. In Germany, where he appeared A.D. 1547, he was a kind of Polyglot errant, battling professors and divines with the accumulated learning of fifteen centuries. In Paris he heralded the advent of Cagliostro and Mesmer, cured diseases, and astounded the *salons* by his prodigious stories, in which he may be truly said to have ventured the entire animal. He remembered seeing Nero standing on a hill to enjoy the flames of his capital: and was a particular crony of Mahomet's father at Ormus. It was here, too, he anticipated the coming scepticism, by declaring from personal experience, that all history was a tissue of lies. In Italy the myth has become interwoven with the national art lore. When he came to Venice he brought with him a fine cabinet of choice pictures, including his own portrait, by Titian, taken some two centuries before. In England, John Bull has endowed him with the commercial spirit of his stationary brethren, and, to complete his certificate of naturalization, made him always thirsty! But the Jew of Quarter Sessions' Reforts, who is always getting into scrapes, is not the Jew of the rural popular legends; in which he is invariably represented as a purely benevolent being, whose crime has been long since expiated by his cruel punishment, and therefore entitled to the help of every good Christian. When on the weary way to Golgotha (such is the popular legend), Christ, fainting and overcome under the burden of the cross, asked him, as he was standing at his door, for a cup of water to cool his parched throat; he spurned the supplication, and bade Him on the faster. "I go," said the Saviour "but thou shalt thirst and tarry till I come." And ever since then, by day and night, through the long centuries he has been doomed to wander about the earth, ever craving for water, and ever expecting the day of judgment which shall end his toils:—

Mais toujours le soleil se lève,
Toujours, toujours
Tourne la terre où moi je cours,
Toujours, toujours, toujours, toujours!

Sometimes, during the cold winter nights, the lonely cottager will be awoke by a plaintive demand for "Water, good Christian! water, for the love of God!" And if he looks out into the moonlight, he will see a venerable old man in antique raiment, with grey flowing beard, and a tall staff, who beseeches his charity with the most earnest gesture. Wo to the churl who refuses him water or shelter. My old nurse, who was a Warwickshire woman and, as Sir Walter said of his grandmother, "a most awfu' le'er," knew a man who boldly cried out: "Allvery fine, Mr. Fergusson, but you can't lodge here." And it was decidedly the worst thing he ever did in his life, for his best mare fell dead lame, and corn went down, I am afraid to say how much per quarter. If, on the contrary you treat him well, and refrain from indelicate inquiries respecting his age—on which point he is very touchy—his visit is sure to bring good luck. Perhaps years afterwards, when you are on your death-bed, he may happen to be passing, and if he *should*, you are safe; for three knocks with his staff will make you hale, and he never forgets any kindnesses. Many stories are current of his wonderful cures; but there is one to be found in Peck's *History of Stamford*, which possesses the rare merit of being written by the patient himself. Upon Whitsunday in the year of our Lord, 1658, "about six of the clock, just after evensong," one Samuel Wallis, of Stamford, who had been long wasted with a lingering consumption, was sitting by the fire, reading in that delectable book called *Abraham's Suit for Sodom*. He heard a knock at the door; and, as his nurse was absent, he crawled to open it himself. What he saw there, Samuel shall say in his own style:—"I beheld a proper, tall, grave old man. Thus he said: 'Friend, I pray thee, give an old pilgrim a cup of small beere!' And I said, 'Sir, I pray you, come in and welcome.' And he said, 'I am no Sir, therefore call me not Sir; but come in I must, for I cannot pass by thy doore.' After finishing the beer—'Friend,' he said, 'thou art not well.' I said 'No, truly, Sir, I have not been well this many yeares.' He said, 'What is thy disease?' I said, 'A deep consumption, Sir; our doctors say past cure; for truly, I am a very poor man, and not able to follow doctors' counsell.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will tell thee what thou shalt do; and by the help and power of Almighty God above, thou shalt be well. To-morrow, when thou risest up, go into thy garden, and get there two leaves of red sage, and one of bloodworte, and put them into a cup of thy small beere. Drink as often as need require, and when the cup is empty fill it again, and put in fresh leaves every fourth day, and thou shalt see, through our Lord's great goodness and mercy, before twelve dayes shall be past, thy disease shall be cured and thy body altered."

After this simple prescription, Wallis pressed him to eat—"But," he said, "no, friend, I will not eat; the Lord Jesus is sufficient for me. Very seldom doe I drinke any beere neither, but that which comes from the rocke. So, friend, the Lord God be with thee."

So saying he departed and was never more heard of; but the patient got well within the given time, and for many a long day there was war hot and fierce among the divines of Stamford, as to whether the stranger was an angel or a devil. His dress has been minutely described by honest Sam. His coat was purple, and buttoned down to the waist; "his britches of the same couler all new to see to;" his stockings were very white, but whether linen or jersey, deponent knoweth not; his beard and head were white, and he had a white stick in his hand. The day was rainy from morning to night, "but he had not one spot of dirt upon his cloathes."

Aubrey gives an almost exactly similar relation, the scene of which he places in Staffordshire Moorlands. He there appears in a "purple shag gown," and prescribes balm leaves.

So much for the English version of the Wandering Jew. Nothing tending to illustrate a theme to which the world has been indebted for *Salathiel*, *St. Leon*, *Le Juif Errant*, and *The Undying One*, can be said to be wholly uninteresting.

A GENEROUS SOUL never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those its hand dispenses.

THE DUTY OF A MOTHER.—By the quiet fireside of home, the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometimes give to heaven the fragrance of their blossom, and whose fruit shall be as a rosary of angelic deeds, that noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and expanding souls of her children to their God. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart, with a power of which she little dreams. Philosophers tell us in their speculations, that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. Solemn is the thought, but not more solemn to the Christian mother, than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement of home, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form as it were the underlying strata of that education which peoples heaven with celestial beings, and give to the white brow of the angel next to the grace of God its crown of glory.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—A very interesting incident is thus described in the *Gazette de Lyons*.—"A few days ago, as the military guard at the Mayoralty of 'La Guillotière' were presenting arms to the Sacred Host, which was being carried to a sick person, a wedding party of working people, comprising about twenty persons, were coming out of the Registrar's office. They immediately and spontaneously formed into a procession and followed the Holy Viaticum to the sick room of a poor mechanic. The newly-married couple, after the ceremony, left with the sick man the amount of a charitable collection which they had made among themselves in order thus to further consecrate the happy day by a suitable act of charity."

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel.—"Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does any thing good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

BARBER'S POLE.—It was an old superstition that Rome was once delivered from the plague by the god Esculapius, who came there in the form of a serpent and hid himself among the reeds in an island of the Tiber. Ever after, Esculapius was represented with a staff, around which a serpent was wreathed, in one hand, whilst the other rested on the head of a serpent. They were particularly sacred to the god, as emblems of that prudence and foresight, which are so necessary in the profession of medicine. In the middle ages, barbers were likewise surgeons; and when they displayed a staff with a twisted snake at their doors, it was a sign that they cured diseases as well as shaved beards. Barbers are no longer physicians, but the old sign of Esculapius is still continued at their doors.

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate and fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled, and commenced the deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limped into the ring, and stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. Do not touch it!"

Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE LOVE OF MARY.** Readings for the month of May. By *D. Roberto*, Hermit of Monte Corona. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We heartily commend this excellent little book. It comes opportunely as a votive offering to the beautiful month of May, which has been so appropriately dedicated to the Mother of God. It is not a book of prayer, similar to others used during the month of May, but a treatise for each day of that month on the virtues of Mary, and tending to enkindle in the heart of the reader, a tender devotion to the Immaculate Virgin. It breathes throughout the tenderest affection towards Mary, and no one, not even the most indifferent, can read it without feeling their hearts moved with sentiments of renewed love for that amiable mother, and renewed confidence in her powerful intercession. The publishers have placed the Catholic community under obligations to them for having furnished a work so worthy of their patronage; the translator, too, will most assuredly receive that reward which he seeks for the part he has taken in the good work—the prayers of the devout clients of Mary.

2. **THE CONVERSION OF MARIE ALPHONSE RATISBONNE.** By the Rev. *W. Lockhart*. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The circulation of this book is calculated to do good, as it proclaims wherever it goes, a miracle of divine grace, and publishes anew the power of the Immaculate Mother of God, and her maternal tenderness and solicitude even for those who know not her divine Son. It is a simple narrative of facts, occurring so recently that they are still in the memory of thousands. Its perusal will inspire confidence in the mercy and goodness of God, and filial affection towards the queen of heaven; hence we cheerfully commend it to the patronage of our readers.

3. **LIFE OF NAPOLEON III, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.** By *Edward Roth*. Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Few biographies present features more varied and interesting than that of the present Emperor of the French. His early days were associated with the grandeur and magnificence of the old empire; his first lessons were those taught from the lips of the great man, whose name, whose genius, and whose empire he has inherited. There is an interest, almost bordering on romance, in every action of his life, and whether we contemplate the ceremonial attending his birth, his wandering in exile from his native France, his imprisonment at *Ham*, or his emerging from obscurity and ascending the throne of one of the greatest monarchies of Europe, we behold the inscrutable designs of Providence, overruling and disposing all things to some wise and happy purpose. There were some of the actions of Napoleon III, more especially the "Coup d'Etat," which we confess we found difficult to reconcile to our republican notions, but all our prejudices vanished on reading in detail all the circumstances attending that event.

The work places the Emperor in that light which is now universally conceded to him, of being a man of comprehensive genius, and a great and sagacious statesman. The care and judgment displayed by Mr. Roth, in this his maiden effort, are highly creditable, and give us bright hopes of his future success as an author. Its style is plain and unpretending. The author indulges in no empty speculations nor flights of fancy, but deals in plain facts, storing his pages with much interesting and valuable information, and passing in review many important events connected more or less remotely with the distinguished personage who forms the subject of the work.

4. **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EASTERN KING;** by a member of the household of his late Majesty, *Nussir-u-Deen*, King of Oude. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is nothing exceedingly fascinating about the style or subject matter of this book. Nevertheless in the absence of something better, it may serve to pass away an agreeable, if not a profitable hour.

5. THE TESTIMONY OF AN ESCAPED NOVICE FROM THE SISTERHOOD OF ST. JOSEPH, Emmitsburg, Maryland, the Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. By Josephine M. Bunkley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The peculiar character of this work, and the time and circumstances of its publication, induced us to lay it aside, when it came from the press, with the view of noticing its contents and objects somewhat at length. We are not sorry that the pressure of other matter has prevented the execution of this design, for we are now quite satisfied, from a more deliberate examination of the volume, that any thing like an extended review would have been a compliment to which it had no shadow of title. To works of fair controversy we are always willing to give a fair hearing and reply. Even books which are unfair are often able, and many, which are untrue, may be so ingenious and plausible as to deserve and require refutation. But the statements of the "Escaped Novice" are as improbable as they are unfounded. They are not only untrue, but unlike the truth, and the literary ability which has been dedicated to their production is upon a level with their candor. What, for instance, does the reader think of Miss Bunkley's information (p. 201) that Mount de Sales, near this city, "cost over a million of dollars," and is "the residence of Father Deluol, the superior-general of the order of Jesuits?" We give this as a specimen of the tale. A few words, as to the way in which it is told.

In our last June number, we noticed a legal controversy which had arisen before the courts in New York, between Miss Bunkley and certain literary hacks who had entered into partnership with her, in the retail bigotry business, for which her supposed experiences at St. Joseph's were to furnish the stock in trade. They were about to publish what they called her narrative, under the title of "*My Book, or the Veil uplifted—a tale of Popish intrigue and policy*," &c., but a quarrel having arisen among them, in regard to the division of the spoils, she sued out an injunction to restrain the publication, just as the work was ready for delivery. It appeared, by the depositions published on that occasion, that Miss Bunkley had contributed but "twenty pages out of three hundred and forty-four," and that her manuscript was so "full of grammatical errors and unfit for publication," as to require to be "re-written."

The present volume contains three hundred and thirty-eight pages, about thirty of which are composed of extracts from a letter, written by a certain "distinguished and excellent Dr. De Sanctis," on nunneries in general. Of the remainder, the larger portion is made up of theological scraps, selections and disquisitions; common places from "anti-popery" controversialists, and the usual amount of unchristian and uncharitable anti-conventual twaddle. The intelligent reader will trace the hand of the clerical artist throughout the whole production, from the Latin extracts from the "*Pontificale Romanum*," which "cannot be given in English," down to the engaging narrative, borrowed from "Papism in the United States," the creditable production of that most tolerant and meek-spirited gentleman, the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge. We may possibly be in error, in supposing that any one besides Miss Bunkley had a hand in the business—but if we are, she is certainly a remarkable person, and her abilities would have been quite thrown away on the simple and self-sacrificing career of a Sister of Charity. A lady who, in May last, could not write twenty pages of decent and well-spelt English, and yet has been able, in the short intermediate space, to get as near to good grammar and orthography as by this volume appears, besides profoundifying herself in divinity and untranslatable Latin, has certainly not neglected her opportunities!

There are, of course, many persons to whom the spirit of the "Novice's" revelations will quite atone for their absurdity and latitude of invention. Some will like the book, because it abuses what they hate—others, because it adds to the armament which faction is gathering from fanaticism for political strife. Both of these classes are beyond the reach of reason. Bigotry and office-hunting are both bad enough in their places. When they are united, the public has nothing to do, but to stand by its principles, shut its ears, and—button its pockets.

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It is to be regretted that so important a publishing house as that of the Messrs. Harper should not be above the temptation of issuing such a work as Miss Bunkley's. For a concern of humbler pretensions, there might be some sorry excuse, in the profit which anti-Catholic literature generally commands. The Messrs. Harper seem to be incapable of even that cheap morality which makes sacrifices it can afford. Becky Sharp was confident that she could be good, if her income were large enough, but it seems that there are some, unhappily, to whom even that height of virtue is inaccessible.

6. THE CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH—in 2 vols. New York. D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These volumes contain a translation of the private letters written by Napoleon to his brother Joseph, from the time that the former began to act a prominent part in the affairs of France to the close of his eventful career. Many of these letters are important, as exhibiting the peculiar motives that influenced the mind of the Emperor in many of the great events of his life; and as they were private, they are free from that reserve, often necessary in other communications. They are not, however, models of composition. They bear the impress of being off-handed, hurried epistles, full of repetitions, inconsistencies, and often obscurities, as it is well known that their great author seldom read over what he wrote or dictated. Many of them are of little consequence, and derive all their importance from being the letters of Napoleon I.

7. CHARLEMONT, OR THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE. A Tale of Kentucky. By *W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.*; and BEAUCHAMP, OR THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY. By the same author. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two new volumes from the prolific pen of this gifted author. To those already acquainted with the previous writings of Mr. Simms, it is scarcely necessary to say a word in favor of these his latest productions. They will be found, like those which have preceded them, full of interest, and abounding with thrilling and touching incidents.

8. PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER; or a new method of learning to read, write and speak the French Language. By *Norman Pinney, A. M.*

9. THE PROGRESSIVE FRENCH READER, suited to the gradual advancement of learners generally, and especially adapted to the new method. By *Norman Pinney, A. M.*

10. PRACTICAL SPANISH TEACHER; or a new method, &c. &c. By *Norman Pinney, A. M. and Juan Barcelo.* New York: F. J. Huntington and Mason Brothers.—Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Verily the school master is abroad and our generation will no doubt be the most enlightened, that ever appeared upon the earth. At least it will not be the fault of our professors and teachers, who cram, even to suffocation, their wonderful acquirements down the throats of our knowledge-loving people. It seems as if we were never to finish our education, and it would not be a wonder to us, if all America were turned into one vast school-house for these gentlemen to try their new methods and labor-saving experiments. There certainly would not be a lack of grammar and readers for the accomplishment of their purpose. For the last six months we have been almost continually invited to examine their new mentors, until we loathe their very appearance. They do occasionally, like these before us now, make some new and original observation, but it is, to use a vulgar comparison, like a needle in a hay-stack. The mass of old standard rules stands the same as ever, and the new are like children's ornaments gathered around them. It would be a far more acceptable labor to the youth, for whom all this erudition is wasted, if they who spend so much time and care in ushering to the public what will scarcely survive the year, would devote their attention to simplifying the old grammarians and reducing them to a more convenient form for the scholar. M. Pinney's methods would, no doubt, suit M. Pinney's classes, if he has any, but we question very much if other teachers and other classes would like them as much. We have never yet found two school-masters of the same opinion in these matters. Are we then to have as many *new methods*? "God send every good man bote of his bale."

11. **SILABARIO CASTELLANO PARA EL USO DE LOS NIÑOS**, bajo un Nuevo Plan, Útil y Agradable; reuniendo la Enseñanza de las Letras, Urbanidad, Moral, y Religión.
12. **SILABARIO CASTELLANO PARA EL USO DE LAS NIÑAS**, bajo un Nuevo Plan, Útil y Agradable; reuniendo la Enseñanza de las Letras, Urbanidad, Moral, y Religión.—Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two nice little primers for boys and girls, in which they are taught with the Spanish, what is of more importance than any language, politeness, good morals and religion. They are printed in good large type, and full of such examples as will interest while they instill good principles into the hearts of those who will use them.

13. **A NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH INSTRUCTOR, BASED UPON AN ORIGINAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL METHOD, APPLICABLE TO THE STUDY OF ALL LANGUAGES.** By *Stephen Pearl Andrews* and *George Batchelor*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It seems we are never to be done with French Grammars and methods of learning French. Almost every new teacher seems to have discovered the philosopher's stone in this alchemy, and if we believe them, all who preceded them were ignoramuses, while they alone possess the true secret, whose touch is to transmute into gold the efforts of the student to possess any language but his own. "Original and Philosophic!" The old poet would tell them: "Cease with vain pleasure to deceive the unlearned crowd." There is about as much originality in this *new* method, as there is in the apprentice's endeavor to rival his master. "Many things will be produced again," says the Venusian, "which have now fallen away, and those will fall, which now are in use." It is old philosophy, as old as the hills, telling old truths over again, in order to drive away the new-fangled notions, which of late have seized upon men's minds. The authors of this *new* and *comprehensive* French Instructor must have read very little, if they think they have done more than polished old brass.

14. **A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY**; by Dr. *Leonard Schmitz*, F. R. S. E. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

We are told in the preface of this work, that its object is to give a brief but complete summary of the history of antiquity, from the remotest times down to the overthrow of the Roman Empire in the West. Of the brevity of the work, we have nothing to object, but if the author intended by the word *complete*, to convey the idea that he has presented us with a true and faithful narrative, then we are sorry to say that he has failed in his purpose, especially in speaking of the Church after Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire. In this portion of his work he has polluted the sacred fountain of history, and substituted his own misguided notions for historical truths. Take for example the following passage, which is a portion of his comments on the Council of Nice: "The pure and simple doctrines of Christ were more and more disfigured by decrees of Councils; the clergy became more and more distinct from the laity; the church acquired great privileges, jurisdiction, large domains, well-paid priests, a splendid outward ceremonial, until, in the end, the Christian religion sank down to a *worship of images and relics*."

15. **THE CATHOLIC PULPIT**, containing a Sermon for every Sunday and Holiday in the year, and for Good Friday; with several Occasional Discourses. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received a copy of the Second American Edition of this valuable work, but a pressure of other duties oblige us to defer our notice. In the meantime, we earnestly commend it, not only to the Rev. Clergy, but also to the laity, more especially to those whose situation and circumstances seldom afford them the happiness of hearing Catholic sermons.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—The works of the late *Edgar Allan Poe*, Vol. IV;—*The Modern Revolution and Literature of Ireland*. New York: Redfield.—*Appleton's Cyclopadia of Biography*, containing a memoir of distinguished personages of all ages; by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. *The Philosophy of the Weather*; by T. B. Butler;—*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—*Hours before the Altar*. New York: Dunigan & Bro.—*The Indian Princess*;—*The Two Sisters of Thanet*. London: C. Dolman.

Editors' Table.

SWEET month of May! The daughter of joy, of mirth and pleasure! Her balmy zephyrs greet us and remind us that the season of buds and flowers is at hand. Nature, so long ice-bound, comes forth from the tomb of winter, with all the freshness of youth, mantled in green and violets, strewing the valleys and hill-tops with garlands of flowers. Man, too, receives new energy. This beautiful season, the type of serenity and joy, bids him forget the sorrows of the past, and look forward to those uninterrupted joys which are to bloom forever in the spring-time of eternity. It is, moreover, the month of Mary! During this month the Church invites her children, in a special manner, to honor the Mother of God; to sing her praises; to invoke her intercession; to place themselves, their homes, and their families, under the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of heaven.

"Magni nominis umbra, Father Carroll," said O'Moore, yielding the point to his Rev. colleague, and at the same time drawing his chair over to the table. "Here we have been for one full hour discussing, with the seriousness of two doctors of divinity, the merits of a work as barren of usefulness as the sands of Arabia. Who, think you, will be affected by the chimeras of the author? The world will move on as smoothly as if he had never written a line, and time will —. But pardon me, Father C., I submit to your judgment. I am but wasting the time; let us see what we have in the green bag for this month;" at the same time emptying its contents upon the table.

"Poetry of all measures and gradations! And here, first, 'The Crooked Way,' by Fairfax."

"Bless me, O'Moore," exclaimed Father C., "don't shock our readers by any thing under that caption. The world is already too full of crookedness to need any thing on that subject. For charity sake put it at the bottom of the green bag, and let it rest there in happy oblivion."

"Here, then, Father C.," said O'Moore, smiling, "here is something which, I am sure, will please. A chapter on fraternal charity, under the title of 'Forgive and Forget.'"

"Beautiful subject, Mr. O'Moore. Let it be read. There is at least sublimity in the title."

Here O'Moore read the piece as follows:

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN dark mists of passion calm reason have shrouded,
And words of ill feeling give rise to regret;
Oh! pray let the heart be serene and unclouded,
And soothed by the precept "Forgive and Forget."

Though deadly the whisper that blights reputation,
And hard be the struggle to cancel the debt;
Ah! think on the insults that brought us salvation,
Redeemer-like try to "Forgive and Forget."

Though bitter the feeling when friendship so cherished
Has proved an illusion with dangers beset;
Though life's dearest treasures have suddenly perished—
With charity loving "Forgive and Forget."

How sweet is the pleasure! how pure the devotion,
When deep seated hatred by friendship is met,
'Twill often produce a responsive emotion,
When injured we utter "Forgive and Forget."

Refuse not forgiveness when rancor is sleeping,
When tears of contrition the eyelids shall wet;
For God is offended; bright angels are weeping,
When mortals refuse to "Forgive and Forget."

On youth's sunny days, if adversity lowers,
 The heart will be peaceful though troubles may fret;
 And life be a series of rosy-winged hours,
 If ruled by the maxim "Forgive and Forget."

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, March 14th, 1856.

T. F. R.

"How sublime the lessons contained in these stanzas," observed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the piece. "But alas! how little are these lessons practiced by the majority of mankind. How easily forgotten even by Catholics. How often is the most unintentional inadvertency carped at, magnified into a crime, the facts relating to it distorted, charity wounded and neighbors scandalized, even by those who profess to believe in the sublime doctrines of the God of charity."

"I regret, Rev. Father," said O'Moore, "that this piece did not reach us a month sooner. Its teaching, doubtless, would have proven beneficial to some of our readers."

"Forbear, Mr. O'Moore; let the past be forgotten. Let us shut our eyes to the frailties of others, and practice the lesson we inculcate—"Forgive and Forget."

"Here is an offering from our friend 'W.,' not unworthy of our readers," said O'Moore, handing the paper to Father C., who read the piece as follows:

THE FOREST TOWER.

Respectfully inscribed to REV. H. T. B., of New York.

O SILENT, solitary Tower,
 With all thy watch and ward!
 Where Peace herself has fixed her bower,
 What is it thou wouldst guard?
 The swarthy Indian, who of old
 Was deemed thy deadliest foe,
 No more arrays his warriors bold
 With tomahawk or bow.

Far up among the green old woods
 Where roamed the wolf of late,
 O tyrant of the solitudes!
 Thou hold'st thy sullen state;
 What is it, then, thou hast to fear,
 Thou grim and ghastly Fort!
 Why putt'st thou on that front severe,
 Where none but friends resort?

The gentle birds that shelter nigh,
 And sing their songs of glee,
 Are things, old Tower! that will not try
 To war with thine, or thee.
 The flowers that bloom around thy base,
 The lonely flowers of May—
 Will never rise, a rebel race,
 To question kingly sway.

Yet gentle birds and flowers are all
 That dwell beneath thine eye;
 How quickly, too, the May-flowers fall!
 How soon the warblers fly!
 What then, avail thy granite wall,
 Thy majesty, thy might,
 The musket shot, the cannon ball,
 And all the boast of fight?

For many months in every year
 A foe of flower and bird!
 No vernal sweets are gathered here,
 No linnet's song is heard.
 Then Winter rules thy wide domain,
 That bleak, that barren dower—
 And 'round thee flings his icy chain,
 O solitary Tower!

Thou stand'st all lonely on thy hill,
 Gloom round thee long hath grown,
 And many a day thou'lt stand there still,
 As darkling, and as lone.
 Fort of the rock and forest-tree!
 What art thou like or whom?
 Like thee, O man of Power! like thee,
 All grandeur, yet all gloom.

M. A. W.

"Permit me, Mr. O'Moore, to add the following lines to our poetical *tableau*. They are appropriate at all times, but more especially during the paschal season:"

CONFESSION.

MAN has no gift for which I'd bend my knee,
 I weigh the value of his hoarded gold,
 I grasp the limit of his fleeting power—
 A print in sand, o'er which times waves are roll'd.

No! not one servile inch for all his store;
 Tho' he could wake the echoes of the earth
 In answer to the praises of my name,
 I'd scorn to bow for all that these are worth.

But to kneel down at God's supreme command,
 To bend my neck and have my sins forgiven,
 To stoop beneath his delegated hand—
 That is a *privilege* from bounteous heaven.

FIDELIA.

At this point our labors were interrupted by a loud rap at the door. On going to learn the demand, we found that it was a messenger with a letter of apology from our friend Mr. Oliver, whose arrival we had been anxiously awaiting. The letter was hastily opened, and read as follows:

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

"GENTLEMEN:—Prevented from being present to take part in your deliberations, and feeling a profound interest in the subject set apart for consideration this evening, namely, the "Buffalo Convention," I beg leave thus formally to express my views on the movements contemplated by that convention. I do this from a full conviction that it is our duty, as well as that of the editorial fraternity generally, to examine and weigh well every movement in which the happiness or misery of our fellow beings may be involved; and if good, to extend to it, freely and cordially, the friendly hand of encouragement, irrespective of the parties who may have projected it; if evil, to point out its evil tendencies, in that spirit of forbearance and charity, which should ever be found prominent in the breast of Catholic editors. And in making this examination, we should ever bear in mind, that a fearful responsibility rests upon those who inadvertently or otherwise lend the aid of their pens to the advocacy of measures, that may compromise the moral and physical well-being of our fellow-citizens, and that an equally weighty responsibility hangs over the heads of those who, from want of due consideration, personal pique, petty jealousy, or other unworthy motives, use whatever influence they may possess to prevent the accomplishment of a good cause.

This convention was an assemblage of Catholics, many of them eminent clergymen, distinguished alike for their talents, their piety, and their zeal in the holy cause of religion; they met to consult together for the purpose of devising the best means of improving the moral and social condition of the Irish emigrants in this country and the provinces of Canada. And here I cannot but admire the noble designs contemplated by this body. The amelioration of the hard lot of thousands of those who have sought, and who still seek on our shores an asylum and a home, is surely an object worthy of the philanthropist, and one on which the favoring smiles of Heaven will descend. And after mature deliberation they propose, as a plan for the accomplishment of so desirable and so laudable a purpose, the purchase of lands at points favorable for the formation of

colonies, and having accomplished this, to invite there the Irish emigrants to till the soil and become the owners thereof.

Now if this plan be carried into execution, and I can see nothing to prevent it, if there is only a determination on the part of Catholics generally, who can foretell the countless blessings that must follow from its operations. It is the starting point of a grand and important movement, which in time is destined to extend the domain of the Church, and carry benedictions to the emigrant and his children for generations yet to come. To thousands already here, and to others who may arrive, it will open a new field for legitimate enterprise, a field, in which their toil and sweat will meet with an adequate reward; where their labor will be lightened by the consoling reflection, that it is not absorbed by rack-rents, or devoured by landlords; where they will, moreover, be stimulated by the consciousness that every tree that falls beneath the strength of their arm, every rock that is removed, every sod that is turned, adds new wealth to a homestead they can call *their own*. That the condition of many of the Irish emigrants in this country, especially in our large cities, is deplorable, is obvious to the most inexperienced; and that their sad condition is often brought about by causes over which the poor and generous hearted strangers have no control, is equally obvious. Heart-broken with poverty and persecution in various forms in their native land, they tear themselves from the ties of kindred and home, and with a view of bettering their condition, they seek the shores of America. But alas! how often does that better condition, to obtain which they have submitted to so many trials and privations, vanish from their sight when they arrive in our midst. How often do we find them the unhappy victims of that want, poverty and affliction which they sought to avoid by escaping to this land of plenty. They labor with a willing heart when work is to be had—for the charge of idleness never attaches to them,—still thousands and tens of thousands drag out a wretched existence, and sink to a premature grave, leaving perhaps, a helpless family to the mercies of a cold and heartless world.

The vast majority of the Irish emigrants who come to this country have been trained to agricultural pursuits in their native land, hence the tilling of the soil is an occupation with which they are best acquainted when they arrive among us. It is therefore easy to perceive the immense benefit it would be to this class of our citizens, if, on landing on our shores, they could avail themselves of the opportunity of pursuing that employment with which they are most familiar, instead of exhausting their strength on our public works or other similar employment, injurious alike to health and morals. Open to them the facilities of acquiring land, and thousands will find homes in the healthful and fertile regions of the West, who would, in all probability, drag out a wretched existence amidst the pestilential atmosphere of the lanes and alleys of our sea-board cities, or die on our river banks or lake shores, the unhappy victims of some raging epidemic.

But independently of the advantages that colonization would secure to thousands of poor emigrants, the blessings it will bring upon their children are alone sufficient to commend the subject to the support and generous encouragement of every friend of humanity, and especially every Catholic who loves and cherishes his holy faith. It requires no argument to prove that Catholic children in this country, and particularly in our large cities, are beset by innumerable dangers; and what is more to be regretted, they too frequently become the victims of the bad example which they see around them. In daily intercourse with companions who have no fixed idea of religion, they fall way from the practices of their holy faith, and without the utmost vigilance and attention, such as the poverty of parents often prevent, they will grow up to manhood Catholics in name, but infidels in practice. That this is lamentably true is confirmed by daily observation. Without going beyond the limits of Baltimore, how many young men and young women could I name, the sons and daughters of Catholic parents, who are now the veriest outcasts in society, a discredit to themselves and their religion, and a reproach to the country of those who gave them birth.

These evils might have been prevented had these children been brought up away from the contaminating influences of our cities in a Catholic settlement, where they would

have the advantages of Catholic associates, Catholic schools, and Catholic instruction, and where they might be trained from their earliest days to habits of industry.

Apart, however, from the advantages that must follow from the proposed plan of colonization to the Irish emigrant and to his children, the movement will be attended with immense benefits to Catholicity. Whoever has studied the history of Catholicity in this country, knows how much the Church is indebted for her unparalleled prosperity and her present proud position, to the zeal, to the ardent, undying faith of the Irish emigrant. Wherever he has gone throughout this land, the cross has followed. Wherever he has erected his habitation, there churches have arisen. And so it will ever be. Let Catholic settlements be established, and all the appliances of religion will follow. Let the movement receive that encouragement which its importance deserves, and I feel no hesitation in believing, that ere the present generation passes away, we shall behold new cities spring up where deserts now stand; we shall witness the rise of gorgeous temples, abodes of charity, literary and religious institutions, bright emblems of Catholicity, in localities where now the foot of civilization are unknown.

Like all great movements, the Buffalo Convention will have its opponents. There will be those who can only see in it the scheme of selfish individuals, who seek to dupe the community by their pretended philanthropy. I confess I view the movement in a different light. When I contemplate the happy auspices under which this convention assembled, when I behold its members gathered round the altar in the noble cathedral of Buffalo, invoking the benediction of heaven upon their labors; and when I see the illustrious Bishop of Buffalo bestowing his approval and his blessing upon the objects for which it was convened, I am forced to the conviction that the gentlemen assembled there were sincere in their motives, and honest in their intention; that no sordid and selfish end entered the breast of a single member. Indeed, when we reflect on the well known characters of the gentlemen composing that convention, their high claims to our confidence and respect, it borders on presumption to impugn their motives or question their integrity, much less to charge, that under the pretext of benefitting the poor Irish emigrant, they assembled to concoct some grand political scheme; to cajole the subjects of her Britanic Majesty to cross the St. Lawrence, and to take up their abode among freemen, or, on the other hand, to bid the citizens of this great republic to forsake the stars and the stripes, and go dwell beneath the shadow of the British crown. For myself I can see in the whole movement, no ground for these momentous fears. On the contrary, I behold in this commingling of the people of the two governments, a beautiful and striking illustration of Catholic charity, rising in this as in every other occasion, superior to the ties of country, or local prejudices, and seeking above all the moral and social benefit of man, irrespective of the peculiar spot of earth he may inhabit.

But here, gentlemen, I must conclude. I have protracted my remarks far beyond what I intended. Our readers will pardon me for thus long imposing on their patience; I feel assured, however, that they will sanction the tenor of what is said. Could my voice reach them I would say to them in the language of the 'Address of the Buffalo Convention': 'We exhort you by the strong claims of kindred, blood and common creed, for your own sakes, for pity to your unprovided offspring, for the credit of the Catholic character, for the vindication of the Irish name, for the removal of our reproach in high places, to act with us as we will act with you, in good faith with one another, and with all the world, until at least every second man amongst you who crossed the Atlantic, in search of independence, can say with truth, he has found it.' *Oliver.*

"God speed the gook work," exclaimed Father Carroll, at the conclusion of the letter.

"And grant the fulfilment of this gracious prayer," rejoined O'Moore.

Record of Events.

From March 20, to April 20, 1856.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—A correspondent of the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph*, writing from Rome, under date of the 25th of February last, says that it is rumored there that his Holiness intends to send an Apostolic Delegate on an extraordinary mission to Constantinople. "This would not," continues the writer, "be the first time within late years, an illustrious dignitary of the Papal Court has been received in the capital of the Ottoman Empire as representative of the Supreme Head of the Church. In 1847, Pius IX sent to the shores of the Bosphorus the present Apostolic Nuncio at Naples, Monsignor Ferreri, to render thanks to Abdul Medjid for the precious gifts, consisting of horses and costly caparisons, sent by the latter to the Pontiff as token of admiration and respect. The mission, although in itself having no other objects than those of conventional courtesy, nevertheless availed for establishing a certain footing of amicable relations between the Pontiff and the Sultan, and for bringing into credit among the Turks the Roman Catholic Church as well as its august Head by letting all see what honors were rendered by the Padishah to his representative. But the Legation to which it is believed his Holiness has now directed his thoughts, would be of importance and tendencies totally different. Although in the great Congress of Potentates has been established generally the new legislation that is to equalize Christians of all communions inhabiting the Turkish Empire with other subjects of the Porte, nothing still has been specially determined respecting the position or interests of the Catholic population. To accomplish the beneficial work undertaken by removing and eradicating for ever all matter of discord between Catholics and the schismatics, especially concerning the service and devotions of the holy places, the presence and intervention of the Papal Envoy at Constantinople will, no doubt, be of high advantage. Availing himself of the good dispositions of Abdul Medjid towards the beneficent and educational institutions of Catholicism, and seconded (above all) by the influence acquired in the counsels of the Porte by France, an able pontifical diplomatist may succeed in obtaining for the Catholics of the Levant favors which, in other times, it would have been folly to hope or imagine.

With these prospects is connected the journey speedily to be undertaken from hence to Paris by Signor Pitzipios of Scio, author of the "History of the Greek Schism," written and published in Rome by desire of the Holy Father. This gentleman formed, some years ago, the idea of constituting a society whose object should be to adopt and carry into effect all the means found most suitable for the Latins, and, eventually, a reunion between the Oriental and Occidental Churches. This society would have its centre and foundations in Rome, under the shadow of the Vatican; and also would create committees and sacerdotal societies at Vienna, Paris, Brussels—in a word, wherever religious principle prevails, coupled with interest, in the Oriental races and their destinies, and wherever could be hoped for those supports, material as well as moral, indispensable to the success of the enterprise. The Holy Father, who has ever interested himself deeply in the Oriental Church, formerly so illustrious for integrity of faith, till desolated by the schisms of Photius, Nestorius, and others, has welcomed with joyful approbation the sketch of the project of Pitzipios, encouraged him in his most benignant manner, and further, conferred upon him a monthly allowance out of the funds of the Apostolic Dateria, and the Administration of Propaganda, in order that he might apply himself, free from other cares, to the completion of his historico-dogmatic work. "L'Eglise Orientale" (in the French language), commenced a few years since. This publication has now reached the third volume. Issued from the press of the Propaganda, it may be regarded as the *substratum*, in principle, of the Oriental Society, aiming

at the reunion of the two great aggregations in the Christian world. All the monarchs of Europe, including the Czar, Alexander, have received, from its author, copies of this work, and have given unquestionable proofs of interest in its contents, especially the King of Prussia and Napoleon III, who has honored Fitzpiopis with a letter of acknowledgment, and has ordered that the work should be introduced into France, exempt from all duties."

The obsequies of Cardinal Bianchi, who died on the morning of the 3d of March, took place at the church of San Gregoria on the 6th. The venerable Cardinal was born at Cremona, in 1771, and raised to the Cardinalate in 1835. At an early age he entered the order of Camaldoli, of which he was General; and though raised to wealth and honors, he died as a poor religious.

SPAIN.—The following decree will contrast strangely with the course pursued by the Spanish Government some time ago towards the Church. It was addressed to the Regents of the *Territorial Audicacias*:—"Her Majesty the Queen has learned that in certain quarters of the peninsula attempts have been made to disseminate opinions contrary to the dogmas of our Holy Faith, and to what the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church teaches—her Majesty's Government is resolved to exercise the utmost rigor against natives and foreigners who, on any pretence whatever, shall endeavor to undermine that unity of religious faith which has, under Providence, been the greatest blessing of the Spanish nation, and which is the surest basis of our Constitution and Monarchy. Therefore, wherever there is cause, you will, in concert with the political and religious authorities, use every endeavor to prevent such scandal. You will stimulate the Executive to proceed against the guilty on the first occurrence of a crime forbidden by the laws of the Kingdom and contrary to the Constitution; and you will see that the Tribunals of Justice rigorously follow out the prescriptions of the penal code on such subjects. We wish it to be distinctly understood that as her Majesty will reward public functionaries who do their duty fearlessly in a matter of such delicacy, so she will punish exemplarily the smallest fault into which indifference, negligence, or culpable condescendence might lead them."

The country is unsettled. Tumultuous meetings had taken place at Madrid, Seville and other cities, where the people, arms in hand, protested against the dearness of provisions, the policy of the Government, municipal and indirect taxes.

NAPLES.—The King of Naples has come to a definite understanding with the Holy See. His Majesty consents that the celebrated privileges of the Sicilian Monarchy shall be abolished, and has accepted a brief in virtue of which the Holy Father abolishes the secular prerogatives of the Ecclesiastical Tribunals of Sicily.

BAVARIA.—The Abbot of Metten has been appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Munich-Freising. The learned Abbot refused the See of Augsburg, and several times refused the present offer. The King, however, is inflexible, and the Holy Father is favorable to the appointment.

FRANCE.—Two memorable events have taken place in the French empire during the month of March. The first in point of time, and the first in importance to the country, and to the present dynasty, is the birth of an imperial Prince; the second is the successful termination of the labors of the Congress lately convened in Paris, by the signing of articles which terminate the war, and once more secures to Europe the blessing of peace. The Empress was safely delivered of a son on the morning of the 16th of March. It would be difficult to describe the joy that this event occasioned throughout the empire, more especially in Paris. The discharge of 101 guns at the *Invalides* announced to the citizens that an Imperial Prince was born; on the following evening the city was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the important event. The prince was baptized with much pomp in the chapel of the Tuileries, by the Bishop of Nancy, in the presence of the Emperor, members of the Imperial family, and other distinguished personages, and received the name of Napoleon-Eugene-Louis-Jean-Joseph, *Fils de France*. The reasons for these names are very simple. He is called Napoleon and

Louis, after his father; Eugene from his mother Eugenie; Jean after the Pope, who is to be his god-father; and Joseph, in compliment to his intended god-mother, the Queen of Sweden, whose name is Josephine.

The Emperor has decided that he will be the god-father and the Empress god-mother to all the legitimate children born in France on the 16th of March. The number it is calculated will be about 2,500. Every one of these children will be entitled to receive 3,000 francs (\$600) if they please to accept it. All the boys are to be christened Louis Eugene, and all the girls Louise Eugene. The Municipal Council of Paris, on receiving the news of the Imperial Prince, voted a sum of 200,000 francs for the poor, of which 100,000 francs are to be employed in redeeming bedding pledged at the Mont de Piete, and the other 100,000 francs in paying the nurses of poor mothers, who are in arrear.

Shortly after the birth of the prince at a quarter past three in the morning, the Emperor sent messages in his own name announcing the event to the Pope, the Queen of England, the King of Piedmont, the Queen of Sweden, the Grand Duchess Dowager of Baden, and, I believe, some other courts. It is a very curious fact, as showing not only the wonders of the electric telegraph, but also the activity of great personages at hours when the world at large is wrapped in sleep, that telegraphic messages of congratulation were received in answer before 6 o'clock from the Pope, Queen Victoria and the Queen of Sweden.

The Peace Congress brought their labors to a close by signing a treaty which puts an end to the present war. The particulars of this important event we give from our foreign file:

"The draft of the general treaty of peace drawn up by the Comité de Rédaction, having, in the sitting of Saturday, obtained the sanction of the congress, the plenipotentiaries of the contracting powers met the next day, as already stated, to proceed to the formal act of affixing their signatures to the document. M. Feuillel de Conches, chief of the protocol department in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, had caused seven copies of the treaty, written on parchment, to be prepared and placed on the table of the conferences, in such a manner that each copy was put before the plenipotentiaries of the government by which it is to be ratified. After the text of the seven copies had been carefully compared, the plenipotentiaries proceeded to affix their signatures to the end of the treaty. Count Walewski, as President of the Congress, signed first, and the other plenipotentiaries in the alphabetical order of their respective countries. It was at this moment that the Emperor was informed by electric telegraph that the treaty of peace was signed, and his Majesty sent back word to the members of the congress that he would be ready to receive them after they had concluded their task. But although the mere act of affixing their signatures occupied the plenipotentiaries but a very brief portion of time, yet the whole of the formality of signing lasted nearly two hours, as the plenipotentiaries, in addition to their signature at the bottom of each protocol, had to affix their initials to the different paragraphs, the whole number of such minor signatures being, it is said, 38. The plenipotentiaries of each contracting power signed first the copy reserved for their government, and then the other plenipotentiaries signed in alphabetical order. In this manner, each contracting power figuring at the head of the signatures of the copy which it is to ratify, all difficulties as to etiquette or precedence were set aside. To each signature was immediately attached the private seal of each plenipotentiary.

"Immediately after the close of the sitting all the plenipotentiaries went together to the Tuileries, where they had the honor of being received by the Emperor."

The terms of the treaty will not be made public until after its ratification by the respective governments represented in the Congress. Paris was splendidly illuminated in honor of the event, and a magnificent review of 100,000 men took place in the Camp de Mars, in the presence of the Emperor, who was attended by a brilliant staff. Monseigneur de la Tour d'Auvergne, the bearer of the autograph letter of the Emperor of the French to request the Pope's consent to become the godfather of the Prince Imperial, also presented to the Pontiff the copy of the *Imitation de Jesus Christ* destined for him. The volume, splendidly illuminated and magnificently bound, was enclosed in a case embroidered by the hands of the Empress and her Ladies of Honor.—The religious observances of the Holy Week have been followed up with great zeal and devotion. The square of the Madeleine has been daily filled with long lines of aristocratic equipages, while the evening sermons or lectures of Notre Dame have attracted sometimes

eight or ten thousand hearers round the pulpit of the Père Felix. During the entire week, from Sunday to Friday, the sacred relics have been exposed to the veneration of the faithful at the Metropolitan church.

ENGLAND.—The birth of the Imperial Prince at Paris was a subject of much rejoicing in the chief towns and cities of England, and the signing of the treaty of peace was received with marked demonstrations of satisfaction. Parliament reassembled on March 31st, when Lord Palmerston announced that the treaty of peace was signed, and that the objects for which the war was undertaken, were fully accomplished.—The Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was lately confirmed at Windsor Castle, in the presence of her mother and the ministers and members of the royal family. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—A marriage is spoken of as likely to take place in the course of the present year between the Princess Royal of England and the Prince Frederick, of Prussia, son of the Prince of Prussia, nephew of the present King, and heir apparent to the throne of Prussia. The Princess is only in her fifteenth year.—The proceedings in parliament have not been marked with importance.—As significant of the change that is daily taking place in England in regard to Catholicity, it is worthy of notice, that a bill for the repeal of the "Religious Worship Penalties," and another for the repeal of the "Popish Guardian Restriction" acts, have been laid before the House of Lords, by Lord Brougham, and ordered to be printed. The former of these bills is waiting the second reading. The bill states that "it is hurtful to the interests of religion, and inconsistent with civil liberty, that any person should be subjected to any temporal pains, penalties, or disabilities whatsoever, on account of his religious opinions or his mode of worship." It proposes to repeal several acts from the reign of Edward VI to the 9 and 10 Wm. III. The latter bill repeals part of another act whereby fathers are restrained from appointing Catholic recusants to be guardians of their infant children. The act referred to is the 12th Char. II, c. 24, section 8. It is proposed to enact that no guardian is to be deemed invalidly appointed by reason of being "a Popish recusant."

Strange Statement.—During the discussion on the marriage bill, in the House of Lords, Lord Campbell stated that the law of marriage in Scotland was so uncertain, and so little understood, that it was impossible for many persons to say whether they were married or not, and not one child in fifty from Carlisle all round the coast of Scotland to the German Ocean, knew whether he was legitimate or not!

The Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire. The fire originated accidentally, about six o'clock in the morning, and spread so rapidly that the entire building was left a heap of ruins in the course of a few hours.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a grand entertainment in honor of Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, previous to his departure to this country. Our worthy representative was exceedingly well pleased with her Britanic Majesty's subjects, if we may judge from the following extract from his speech delivered on that occasion:

"My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen,—I receive with pride and gratification this testimonial from the company present of the regard in which they hold my country, and of their esteem towards me in the position which I have the honor to hold. I can say, however, in all truth and sincerity, that I shall ever preserve a grateful remembrance of the many kindnesses I have received in this country. I have yet to meet the first Englishman who has not treated me as though I were a countryman of his own. I will say nothing of the reception I have met with from the ladies. I will not speak of the ladies because they are the best part of the creation. I shall carry home with me every sentiment of most grateful feeling towards the people of this country, amongst whom I have never felt myself a stranger. Speaking the same language—reading the same books—united in the kindred ties of a free people, I have ever spoken my sentiments openly and freely, and in every company of English gentlemen I have been treated with the greatest respect."

IRELAND.—It is truly gratifying to witness the generous zeal manifested by the Irish Catholics in behalf of their holy faith. Almost every steamer brings us accounts of the erection of new churches, or the founding of new literary or religious institutions. On the late festival of Ireland's patron saint, the ceremony of laying the first stone of a

new church at Randon, to be dedicated to St. Patrick, took place. The church is to be in the form of a cross, and built in the Gothic order of architecture.—From the *Dublin Tablet* of the 5th of April, we also learn, after the close of the ceremonies on Low Sunday, a highly important meeting took place in the parish chapel, Loughrea, to take the preliminary steps, and enter into subscriptions, for the purpose of building a new cathedral in that town. The venerated Bishop of Clonfert, the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, was called to the chair; and at his Lordship's suggestion, J. O'Leary, Esq., and John Smyth, Esq., solicitor, were requested to act as secretaries.

James Smyth, Esq., Masonbrook, moved the first resolution, which was seconded by the Very Rev. Dr. Haly, S. J., in an appropriate speech, pointing out the necessity of a more spacious place of worship, as the present edifice was quite unworthy of the people of Loughrea, which was one of the few towns in Ireland where a bishop resided that had not a cathedral church. He trusted, through the piety and public spirit of the inhabitants, they would erect such a structure as would be a credit to their religion and to their town.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Derry, Bishop of Clonfert, in a most powerful and eloquent address, told the meeting that as this town had the blessing and privilege of being the diocesan parish, it was incumbent on them to erect a cathedral of such a size and proportions as would be an honor to our holy religion, and in every way worthy the people of Loughrea. 'Tis now six hundred years since that magnificent pile, the cathedral church of Clonfert, on the banks of the Shannon, was used for Catholic worship—'twas reared through the piety and Christian zeal of our ancestors, and is a monument well worthy of the time, the men, and the motives—from thence, ere the spoiler came with desolating hand, was the word of holy truth disseminated, and every charity and Christian virtue practised by the holy prelates whose blessing it was to rule over this diocese in those happy days; and if the diocese is of the same extent now that it was then, it is infinitely larger in population, and therefore requires a church of commensurate proportion. I well know (said his Lordship) the extent—nay, the vast responsibility—of the undertaking. Great and continued exertion will be required, but the united and hearty coöperation of the people will accomplish any thing with the assistance of Almighty God; but still we cannot expect a miracle from heaven. You must come forward cheerfully, and with a free heart, and give what you can afford. I have the greatest faith and confidence in your resolve, and as sure as we work and pull together for this great, truly noble, and most desirable object, you shall see a Catholic cathedral erected in honor of the Most High, which shall descend to your children's children a lasting monument of your piety and zeal.

The illustrious prelate concluded his eloquent remarks, by giving in his own subscription for £100. This good example was followed by others, and the sum of nearly £1,000 was subscribed before the meeting adjourned.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered one of those eloquent and soul-touching discourses for which he is so distinguished, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, in the Augustinian Church, Limerick. Speaking of the zeal of the Irish clergy and the suffering of the people, the eminent divine eloquently observed: "The ecclesiastical history of other countries is contained in resolutions, conferences, synods,—ours in chains, exile, death; their glory is published in books and parchments; ours is proclaimed from the uprooted altar, the martyr's grave. Books are a cold chronicle to Ireland's faith. No! the lonely mountain, the unfrequented valley, the dark cavern—these are burning records: here the priest lay hid—here the flock was fed—these are, therefore, our family titles. Aye, and the beaten spot where the trembling parishioner placed the annual garland over the fallen pastor, these are the inspiring sources from whence the Irish heart must drink its lessons of Ireland's invincible courage and imperishable faith. No, not books. Our national seminary?—no, but the mouldering heart that lived, and bled, and died, for God's unfading gospel!"

The Catholic University continues to receive the warmest marks of encouragement from every part of Ireland. It is said that a magnificent church is to be built in connection with it, and that a monastery will in time be erected near it.

Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe.—On Monday, St. Patrick's Day, the "Apostolic Letters" for the appointment of the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, as Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, arrived at Carlow. The consecration will take place in the Cathedral of Carlow, on Low Sunday, the 30th inst., on which occasion the Right Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop elect of Cape Town, will likewise be consecrated, and the consecrating prelate will be, as we are informed, the Archbishop of Dublin.

A lamentable accident occurred at Cork on the 31st of March. It appears that a large number of persons assembled in a room on the second floor of a miserable house on Penrose square, when of a sudden, and without any warning save a slight sound of crackling timber, the floor, with all its living weight, fell with a crash, carrying away the lower floor, and its occupants with it, and burying all, including those on the ground floor, in one mass of writhing and shrieking human beings, with dead and dying in awful proportion to the whole. Eighteen were killed on the spot or died shortly afterwards, and about the same number badly wounded.

AUSTRIA.—A circular has recently been published at Vienna, and addressed by the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship to the Bishops, for the purpose of inducing them to lend their aid to the government, in order to insure the full carrying out of the new administrative system founded by the Concordat. For this purpose, all the Archbishops and Bishops of the empire are invited to assemble at Vienna on the second Sunday after Easter (April 6th), and there to open conferences, at which the imperial government will be represented by his Eminence the Cardinal von Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna. In desiring this meeting, as the ministerial circular in question observes, the Austrian Government proposes to itself, above all, to hasten the execution of the Concordat, to render its application uniform in the various parts of the empire; in short, to realize a complete harmony between the Church and the State on questions of detail left in suspense by the Concordat, and to do so either by means of a direct understanding with the Bishops, or, in case that should be impossible, by preparing the ground for those negotiations which the court of Austria would then have to open on this subject with the Holy See itself.

Having thus defined the important mission which the Austrian Bishops will be called upon to fulfil at the future conferences, the circular of Count von Thun points out for their immediate attention different questions already regulated by the Concordat, but which, in consequence of the temporal interests surrounding them, cannot form in practice the subject of Episcopal decisions without previous agreement between the Bishops and civil authorities. Such are, for instance, the questions appertaining to the Ecclesiastical jurisdiction respecting marriage, to the execution of sentences passed against Ecclesiastics by the ordinary tribunals, to the superintendence of the Catholic primary schools, to the appointment of theological professors, and, lastly, to the purchase of real property on account of the Church. On the other hand, appealing to the principles laid down in a note of the imperial plenipotentiary at the moment of signing the Concordat, the circular insists on the propriety of not having recourse, save with the greatest reserve, to the repressive measures in questions touching the press, setting aside by these very terms all idea of preventive censorship; and it expresses the firm conviction entertained by the imperial government, that on this point, as well as on all the rest, the Bishops will cordially strive to preserve a good understanding with the government. Finally, the circular concludes by tendering advice full of prudence to the Episcopal body touching the necessity of maintaining the harmony so fortunately re-established by the Concordat between the Church and State, and it gives a pressing invitation to the several Bishops not to forestall the decisions of the conferences by taking for their respective dioceses premature resolutions not concerted between themselves and their colleagues.

PRUSSIA.—The most noted event lately transacted at Berlin is a duel that took place between a certain Herr Von Rochow and Herr Von Hinkeldy, President of the Police, in which the latter was killed. When the King heard the news, he uttered bitter exclamations of grief and rage, and the excitement among the people was immense. Herr

von Rochow, conscious of the power of his party, coolly gave himself up; but both at the "Commandant's" and at the Ministry of the Interior he was permitted to go at large on his parole; and although he was arrested in the evening by the criminal police, the military authorities reclaimed him next morning, and set him at liberty again on his parole. In the House of Peers, on the following day, the President of the Chamber expressed his regret that one of their members should have met with the unpleasantness of having to fight a duel, and of being imprisoned for twelve hours. Before the excitement attending this tragedy had subsided, the city was startled by the announcement of that two other personages holding high positions had severally committed suicide. These things show a very bad state of morals among the higher order of the Prussian nobility.

RUSSIA.—News from Russia is unimportant. Every thing seemed at a stand waiting the result of the labors of the Congress at Paris. The typhus fever had prevailed to a fearful extent in the south. At Odessa, on the 1st of March, the hospitals were crowded with patients stricken down with that fever. The typhus has committed terrible ravages in the whole of Southern Russia, and particularly in those places which are near the theatre of war. Bakshiseral, Simpheropol, and Nicolaieff are almost empty. It is estimated that this pestilence has already carried off 100,000 men. It is gradually spreading over Bessarabia.

THE CRIMEA.—The strife and bloody contests that were so long witnessed in this locality have at length given place to mutual and friendly intercourse. A correspondent of the *London Times* writing under date of February 29th, thus describes affairs there at that time:

"There was a lively and novel scene this morning at Traktir-bridge. At its further end the white flag was hoisted, and just beyond it were halted some five and twenty Cossacks, who had escorted thither the Russian General Timoeff and his staff. The Generals, who had met to arrange the details of the armistice, occupied two tents, pitched on a strip of green sward in the rear of the bridge. At a few minutes past ten General Barnard and some staff officers rode down through the ravine between the two hills on which the battle of the Tchernaya was chiefly fought, and crossed to the other side of the river. There were perhaps, half a dozen other English officers, about as many French, and a much larger number of Sardinians. All these went over the bridge, and a sort of fraternization ensued between them and some Russian officers—that is to say, there was a good deal of civility, and some ill-treatment of the French and German languages; but, as to carrying on much conversation with our Muscovite friends, it was not an easy matter, for there seemed a mutual embarrassment as to what subject to pitch upon.

"Horses were a natural theme, and the Russians expressed much admiration of some of those present, and were probably rather astonished at their good condition. But the great object of curiosity to us was the fur-capped Cossacks, around whom the allied officers assembled, examining their arms and equipments, and entering into conversation, which, in most cases, was carried on by signs. They were slender, wiry men—ugly enough, most of them, mounted on small, rough, active horses, and carrying, besides sword and carbine, flagless lances, whose long, black poles terminated in a small but very sharp pointed steel head. They seemed well pleased to cultivate the acquaintance of their enemies, and also had evidently an eye to the main chance."

Sister Mary Elizabeth, one of the Sisters of Mercy, died at Balaklava, on the 23d of February. Her funeral was attended by all the clergy in the camp, and by the Sisters of Charity from the Sardinian camp, besides the members of her own Order, and a vast body of Catholic soldiers. An eye-witness writing to the *London Standard*, thus describes the scene: "A breathless silence was observed by all; no one daring to interrupt the fervent throbbings which ascended like incense for the departed soul. All nature appeared to join in our holy work; and heaven itself seemed to smile in approbation. Her mortal remains were deposited beside her Sister in Religion, on the hill which commands the harbor. A beautiful marble cross, which stands six feet high, has just been erected by the Catholic soldiers of the 89th, to the memory of Sister Winifred; and another similar one is going to be raised to Sister Elizabeth. The only difficulty is to know who will have the honor of doing it. The spirit of the Catholic soldiers in the

East requires no stimulus in this way; they only look forward with anxiety to the time when some move will be made at home, in order to contribute largely to raise a lasting memorial to the zeal, the charity, and the indefatigable exertion of those good ladies."

DENMARK.—The Minister, Scheele, has informed the Rikstag that the government of the United States has proposed to prolong, for two months, the treaty that expires on the 14th of April, in order to give opportunity for the completion of the negotiations now pending. Denmark has proposed to abolish the Sound Dues, for the sum of 35,000,000 rix dollars, equivalent to about £4,000,000; and calculates the amount to be borne by each government as follows:—England 12,000,000 of rix dollars; Russia 12,000,000; Prussia 5,000,000; Denmark 2,000,000; Holland 2,000,000; Norway 1,000,000; Mecklenburg 500,000; Sweden 2,000,000; United States 500,000; France 1,500,000; Belgium 500,000; Lubec 250,000; Hanover 150,000; Hamburg and Bremen 200,000 together; Spain, Portugal and Italy 262,000 together; South America 17,000; Oldenberg 75,000, and the other (not Baltic) States 595,000 collectively. It is further proposed to leave it to the option of each State to pay the amount at once or else the interest at 4 per cent. per annum, together with 2 per cent. annually to the sinking fund, terminable in twenty-eight years.

NICARAGUA.—By recent advices from this region, we learn that a body of General Walker's troops, four hundred strong, was defeated near San Jose, by five hundred Costa Ricans, under General Mora. Gen. Mora, in a despatch to the Minister of War, states that the attack lasted fourteen minutes, when the filibusters broke and fled terrified to the woods, closely followed by the Costa Ricans. The field was strewn with dead. Among the Costa Ricans six officers were killed.

SOUTH AMERICA.—*The Angel Gabriel and Negro Riots in Demarara.*—Accounts from Demarara, received via St. Thomas, to March 8th, state that the negroes of British Guiana, stimulated by the harangues of the lunatic Orr, not unknown here as the Angel Gabriel, had risen against the Portuguese Coolies, who profess the Roman Catholic religion, and that several lives have been lost. Having failed in inflaming the minds or arousing the passions of the ignorant portion of the black population by violent harangues, in which he imputed every species of crime and immorality to the Roman Catholics, he took advantage of an existing feud between the negro population and the Portuguese immigrants, most of whom are Catholics, and stimulated an excitement against the latter that ultimately broke out into active hostility, and resulted in the pillaging and demolition of the shops of the Portuguese traders in the city, and several Catholic churches. This occurred on the 18th ult., and was immediately followed by like disturbances in the country, throughout the colony, incited by emissaries from the town. The disturbances in the country seem to be still more serious, being attended, according to the *Georgetown Gazette*, by the loss of many lives. Detachments of the 2d West India Regiment were sent in steamers to Berbice, and up the river as far as the Great Diamond Plantation. The latter had returned with thirty prisoners. The former remained to suppress the civil power at Fort Canjo. Troops were also sent for to the Windward Islands, and a French war-steamer was placed by its commander at the disposal of the Governor. Cholera still prevails at Porto Rico. At Porto Cabello trade was quite active.

Catholicity in Chili.—Letters from Chili record the most satisfactory accounts relative to the condition of the Catholic Church in that Republic. The secular clergy of this vast and improving country are well informed, pious, and zealous. The See of Santiago is occupied by a prelate (Mgr. Valdiviero) of no ordinary talents and learning. The Bishop of *La Concepcion*, Mgr. Solis, is highly distinguished by his numerous and rare accomplishments; and Mgr. Donoso, Bishop of *La Serena*, once an humble Franciscan friar, is a celebrated canonist; he has written several books on theology and canon law for the instruction of his clergy, who are by no means unworthy of such an excellent superior.

In the Archdiocese of Santiago there is an excellent seminary. The Superior of this establishment is a gentleman of well known abilities and great piety. Before entering into his important office he visited the most celebrated and best regulated seminaries of France, Italy, and Germany—copied their rules and has wisely so modified them as to adapt them to the climate and country in which he labors for the good of souls.

Among the regular clergy of Chili there are also many men of great virtue and merit. Cases of scandal are few, and every year becoming more scarce under the vigilant superintendence of holy bishops and zealous abbots. Valparaíso has a *Catholic Review*, conducted principally by a few learned and zealous ecclesiastics. It has been combatting heresy and infidelity during the last thirteen years with a success which the enemies of the Faith are more ready to admit than forgive. It is by far the best literary production in the whole republic. Various religious associations, particularly that of the Sacred Heart of Mary, are being established in several localities. We are also happy to state that the material as well as the spiritual condition of this great Republic is most satisfactory; it is fast surpassing all the rival states.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Religious Reception.—At the Convent of the Immaculate Conception in this city, Julia Farrel, Sister M. Agatha; Mary Ann Fluskey, Sister M. Monica; and Alice Healy, Sister M. Magdalen, lay sisters, received the habit and veil of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the Rev. Mr. McColgan, assisted by the Rev. Mr. O'Toole, of Washington. Isabel Atkinson, Sister M. Alphonsa, choir sister, and Fanny Logan, Sister M. Gertrude, lay sister, were also received into the same Order.—On the 8th instant, at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Miss Mary Sullivan, Sister M. Cephas, and Miss Catharine Simon, Sister M. Mechtilde, received the habit of religion in the rank of choir sisters; and Miss Mary McElhill, sister Mary of the Cross, in the rank of domestic sister. The Rev. Mr. McColgan and the Abbe Le Blond presided.

Confirmation.—On the morning of the 11th inst. the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to twelve of the pupils of Mount de Sales Academy of the Visitation. On the 13th inst. the same Most Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, at the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, to nine pupils of the Academy.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum.—We are gratified to learn that the noble daughters of St. Vincent have established in our city, a home and a refuge for a class of children heretofore unprovided for. "This is an asylum," says the *Mirror*, "for infants bereft of their parents by death, or inhumanly abandoned by them. Almost weekly, our papers record instances of the remains of infants discovered, bearing marks of violence, too plainly telling the crime that has ushered the hapless little being into eternity. At other times, unwilling to take the lives of their little ones, unnatural mothers, to conceal their disgrace, expose their offspring to perish in the public streets. Designing to rescue as many as possible of these pitiable little creatures from an untimely death, the Sisters offer to receive in their asylum, and provide for, any infants that may be presented to them, trusting, with the help of God, that the charity of a generous community will sustain them in an undertaking of so humane a character."

2. DIOCESE OF NEWARK.—The Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark, on the 20th inst. administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at the Church of St. James, in Newark, to two hundred children, who at the same time made their first Communion. The congregation of St. James is under the charge of the worthy and excellent pastor, the Rev. James Callan, by whom the children were prepared for the reception of these holy sacraments. The illustrious prelate delivered on the occasion an eloquent and impressive discourse.

3. ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.—Confirmation.—The holy Sacrament of Confirmation was administered at the Cathedral of St. Louis on Sunday, April 6th, to a large number of children. They also approached the Holy Communion on the same occasion.—The corner-stone of a new church, under the invocation of St. Michael, was laid on

Low Sunday in the city of St. Louis, by the Very Rev. J. Duggan, V. G. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. P. J. Ryan, Secretary to the Most Rev. Archbishop.

4. **DIOCESE OF BOSTON.**—*Catholic Charity.*—Andrew Carney, Esq., of Boston, has, with characteristic generosity, presented to the Trustees of the Sisters of Charity, the munificent sum of \$12,000 towards the new St. Vincent de Paul Asylum, in the course of erection on Shawmut Avenue. Mr. Carney is an Irish *millionaire*, who has acquired a magnificent fortune by uncommon industry and business aptitude.

5. **DIOCESE OF DETROIT.**—*Confirmation.*—On the 6th instant, a large number of children made their first communion at St. Ann's Church, Detroit; and in the afternoon the Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at Pontifical Vespers, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and sixteen, whom he addressed in one of those impressive and paternal admonitions which makes so indelible an impression upon the youthful.

6. **DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—*Confirmation.*—This Sacrament was administered in St. John's Church, Birmingham, on the 25th of March, to about eighty children. The Right Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg preached on the occasion. The congregation of St. John's is under the care of the zealous and indefatigable pastor, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds. —*The Benedictine Monastery.*—In the diocese of Pittsburg, between Youngstown and Latrobe, on the slope of "the Chesnut range" (a spur of the Alleghenies) there stands a Benedictine Monastery, richly worth seeing. The Abbot and most of the monks are from Bavaria; the whole community now numbers, if I remember rightly, 230 souls, including novices and scholars. They have, adjoining their house, workshops for carpenters, smiths, &c., all of them lay or choir brothers. Their immediate farm contains some 300 acres, and they have another at a distance. But the chief object of attraction for the passing visitor, is the collection of paintings, rich in contributions from the Munich school, and in specimens of the old masters. Those which are framed and displayed are perilously situated in a loft over the carpenter's shop, the gallery not being yet built. The old paintings are kept in the library, and were obligingly shown us by the Abbot and others of the monks. We understood that a branch of this house is likely to be established this spring in Minnesota, and we cannot but congratulate our friends out there on the good influence likely to be exerted on their society, by a religious Order which combines a love of labor with a love of religion, and a love of art with both.—*Cell.*

7. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.**—*Confirmation.*—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and fifty-five children at the church of St. John Baptist, on the 27th of March, and on the Sunday following he confirmed sixty children at Plaquemine, in the parish of Iberville.—*Magnificent Present.*—R. D. Shepherd, Esq., presented to the worthy pastor of the church of St. John Baptist, in the city of New Orleans, a splendid organ, estimated at \$5,000. This organ was once in possession of the Jewish Synagogue of that city.—*An Outrage on a Catholic Priest.*—A most daring outrage has been committed on the Rev. Mr. Poyet, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans. One of the daily papers thus gives the account of the brutal affair: "Yesterday noon, whilst the Rev. Mr. Poyet, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Common street, was waiting for an omnibus, two persons approached him, and demanded a retraction of some real or imagined insult offered to two Creole ladies, by demanding, perhaps somewhat peremptorily, payment of a pew, which, it is said, they have occupied for a considerable time, without any remuneration therefor. The Rev. gentleman observed that he had given no offence, and had no apology to offer, whereupon the twain immediately beset him. He struggled with them, and being a strong, athletic man, although unarmed, would, it is thought, have overpowered them. He wrested a sword-cane from the hands of one of them, when three other interested parties, observants of the struggle, who stood aloof at an opposite corner, ran to the assistance of the twain, and all five, cowardly and inhumanly, it is reported, cut and hacked him on his face and head, his arms and hands, inflicting no less than eighteen wounds thereon! No arrests were made at last accounts."

8. **ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.**—*Catholic Library Association.*—A meeting of many of the distinguished Catholics of New York was recently held at Hope Chapel, with the view of forming a Catholic Library in that city. The object was stated to be

1. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge.
2. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of its members.
3. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interests and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room; and by Readings and Lectures when practicable.

Mr. QUINN, the secretary, read letters of apology and encouragement from Dr. IVES and CHARLES O'CONNOR.

Dr. O. A. BROWNSON was introduced amid prolonged applause. He advocated the claims of the infant institution to Catholic support, on the ground that it was eminently calculated to create and foster a Catholic public opinion.

Mr. JAS. A. McMASTER, in the course of a brief address stated that though in this city there were 300,000 baptized Catholics, there was not, outside their homes, a room twelve feet square specially set apart for the purpose, where they could meet in friendly intercourse and intellectual communion. And this was the more strange because Catholics were to be found in the first rank in the legal, the medical, and all the learned professions, as well as of those engaged in the commercial pursuits. That they were not negligent in their public duty, as Catholics, was sufficiently manifested in the magnificent temples and multiplied charities for which their purses were always open, and which were created by their liberality.

Mr. RICHARD O'GORMAN spoke in favor of the objects of the association, basing his appeal on the dignity and worth of Catholicity in a social point of view. He wound up by a glowing tribute to the spirit of religious freedom which the Church, no less than the primitive teachings of Christianity itself, recognized.

9. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.—On the 19th of March in the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I., Sister Mary Winifred (Miss Margaret Richil), made her solemn vows and received the black veil.—Painful apprehensions are still entertained for the safety of the beloved Bishop of Hartford. There is scarcely any doubt but that he was on the steamer Pacific, and his fate is involved with that vessel, whatever may be the result.

10. ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—From the *California Herald* we gather the following particulars of the interesting and impressive ceremonies of the "reception" and of the "profession" of the "Sisters of our Lady of Mercy," performed in the chapel of the City Hospital of that city, which institution is at present under the supervision of the religious order named. A very large company of our most esteemed citizens were present on the occasion. The first ceremony was the profession of Sylvia Brown, whose novitiate of two years had just expired. At this period the novice has completed her term of probation and may assume the black veil. The solemnities that preceded the administration of the Sacrament in this ceremonial, were of a character to impress every beholder with a deep sense of the holy obligations incurred. When these were concluded, the novice pronounced her vows, as follows:—"In the name of our Lord, and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and under the protection of His Immaculate Mother, Mary, ever Virgin, I, Sylvia Brown, called in religion Mary Grabriel, do vow, and promise to God poverty, chastity, and obedience, and the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant; and to persevere until death in this Institute of our Lady of Mercy, according to its approved rule and constitution, under the authority, and in the presence of you, my Lord and Most Reverend Father in God, Joseph Allemany, Archbishop of this Diocese, and of our Reverend Mother, Mary Russell, called in religion St. —, Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, San Francisco, this 6th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1856."

The candidates for reception were Winifred O'Brien and Catherine Murray. This ceremony takes place after the first period of the novitiate—six months. The novice puts aside the secular dress and assumes the habit of the Order and the white veil, which is worn during the probationary period of two years. The novice kneeling at the foot of the altar, the Archbishop interrogates her. In this ceremonial no vows are required of the novice, and she may withdraw from the Order at any time during the succeeding years of her novitiate. The title of Sister Mary Vincent was conferred upon Miss O'Brien, and the title of Sister Magdalene was conferred upon Miss Murray.

OBITUARY.—*Death of the Rev. Father Nobili.*—This lamented Father died of the lockjaw, occasioned by a nail running into his foot, at the Jesuit's College, Santa Clara, California, on the 1st of March.

Father Herrill died on the 11th inst., at Nicetown, Pa., in the 75th year of his age. The venerable deceased was a native of Drogheda, Ireland.

The Rev. Michael McGinn departed this life on the 18th ult. at his residence in Fort Hamilton, L. I.

The Rev. Father Augustus Murphy died on Good Friday, at his mission, nine miles from Nashville. Father Murphy was a native of Ireland, and in the 50th year of his age.

On the evening of Easter Sunday, Miss Henrietta Martina Dyer, aged twenty years. She entered the Convent of the Visitation, Washington City, and received the white veil, with the name of Sister Mary Angela, on the 8th December (feast of the Immaculate Conception) 1854. *May they rest in peace.*

